

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

FEBRUARY 28, 1942

WHO'S WHO

PETER PAUL COSGROVE suggests that he be listed in general terms as a journalist, a student of history as well as of military and naval affairs, and as a gentleman who has traveled this hemisphere and Europe. His real name has been attached to articles of a different nature, but that was before he entered the armed services. He has endeavored, in limited space, to indicate the global nature of the war. He avers: "I would like to put it in writing that I disavow any intentions of writing 'tipster' articles. I have neither the capacity (on grounds of information) nor the ethical perversity of pretending to do that." . . . JOHN WILTBYE is the wise observer who has been writing common-sense for this Review for the past three decades. . . . JOHN LAFARGE includes in his voluminous fund of information an exact knowledge of the Slavic and Balkan races. His sources for his story of Slovenia are derived from reading in foreign-language publications and from people who have been on the spot, and know. . . . BENJAMIN L. MASSE seeks to strike a fair balance between the industrial brackets that claim, on the one side, an excess profit, and on the other, an excess wage. Our war effort should be controlled by sacrifice and not dissipated by greed. . . . DORAN HURLEY adds another chapter to his annals of the Old Parish. In his previous tales of Constance Casey, he offended some Alumnae; but now, we judge, all will be forgiven him. . . . WILLIAM J. GRACE, who professes English in the Fordham University School of Education, submits this essay on Shakespeare from a book he is preparing. . . . THE POETS: William A. Donaghy, of Weston, Mass., is a frequent contributor; Harry Elmore Hurd, of Plaistow, N. H., is with us the second time.

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COMMENT

FACING an "irate" House of Commons, the Government of Prime Minister Churchill was acknowledged by London correspondents as "seriously shaken," even to the point of crisis. Not events alone in the Far East were blamed for these alarms, but developments as well within England itself. None the least of these home fermentations is the loud and repeated demand of Laborist Sir Stafford Cripps, former British Ambassador to Russia, for a greatly more unreserved commitment to cooperation with Russia now, and sympathy with the Soviets in the future. To date of writing, the Churchill Government has stood fast, and there are ample reasons for believing it will continue to hold, if things grow no worse. But from all appearances it would not take many more blasts, unless world events change the wind's direction, to topple over the mighty Churchill oak. If, or when, this should happen, a tremendous new alignment of political power would undoubtedly take place, not in England alone, but all over the British imperial world. Rule would then pass to allied or federated labor groups in Great Britain, the Dominions and the colonies; groups closely allied to similar bodies among the Allied and possibly among the neutral Powers. This, in turn, would seem to issue logically in a terrific, world-wide, behind-the-scenes struggle among contending popular forces in order to gain supreme mastery over the new "master" class.

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HOW far the United States would be drawn into or could keep out of such a realignment is as yet wholly problematical. There would need to be a terrific stiffening of spine against the great organ speaking new paeans for the Soviet "experiment," which is not our concern in the military union with Russia in the battle against Hitler; a stiffening of spine, too, against new modulations that would be played in the Nazi "anti-Bolshevist" siren song. With new dangers, however, would come new challenges to the Catholic Church in all the English-speaking countries to hasten the day when the laboring groups, of whatever nation, race or continent shall have cast off forever the shackles of irreligion and class hatred, shall have found their true dignity in the Faith and practice of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Imperialism suffered a staggering blow in the events of the last few days and weeks, and therewith, the innumerable agencies for good and for holy living which found shelter under imperialism's protection. But the alternative is not, must not be, a totalitarianism that will mean simply a worse and more all-embracing imperialism in the end. Though the stage may be set for a false world "democracy," the God-fearing masses of the world can shift the scenes to a genuine democracy, the democracy of all men in Christ.

GRANTING full credit to Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, the decision by him to resign as physician to the Dionne Quintuplets need cause no concern and no regrets. Dr. Dafoe submitted his resignation to Premier Hepburn of Ontario. The text of his letter is not available. But it will undoubtedly be made public together with the answer by Mr. Oliva Dionne, now being prepared. Once more, and perhaps finally, the differences between Dr. Dafoe and Mr. Dionne about the Dionne Five are being publicized. This conflict began shortly after the birth of the children. In the earlier years, the Doctor swayed publicity, and the father and mother of the children were badly mishandled by the gentlemen of the press. In 1939, Mr. Dionne won his first victory in his fight for the custody of his children by forcing the resignation of Dr. Dafoe from the Board of Guardians. This resignation was effected only by the cancelation of two legal actions brought by Mr. Dionne against Dr. Dafoe, one for libel and the other for financial accountings. Nevertheless, Dr. Dafoe was continued as the official physician of the Quintuplets, despite the freely expressed opposition of Mr. Dionne. In offering his resignation, Dr. Dafoe told the reporter of the Canadian Press: "I felt that my usefulness has come to an end." Those who know the intimate story of the Dionne children and parents will fully agree with Dr. Dafoe. But Premier Hepburn streaks a red herring across the trail by remarking that "his (Dr. Dafoe's) position as physician to the Quintuplets has been made almost impossible by reason of the fact that the children are not allowed to speak English." This is not the real issue. But it is being used to turn popular sentiment, in an unfair manner, against the Dionnes.

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INITIAL hearings of the President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice, held in New York February 16 and 17, revealed, on the whole, a more encouraging picture of the situation in the defense industries than had been anticipated. The Committee is empowered to investigate, and, if need be, prosecute instances where otherwise qualified workers have been refused employment in these industries on racial grounds. Specific charges were brought against some companies for non-compliance with the President's executive order in this respect; but in every instance the charges were met by eager denials that any such intent was harbored. Symptom of a fairer trend in union policy was the announcement that American Federation of Labor would lift the charter of a New Jersey local if it persisted in discrimination against employment of qualified Negroes. Allegations occasionally made that such employment is impractical are refuted by the simple fact that in one year alone 117,766 Negroes were trained for industrial, professional and

clerical work. As noted in a recent booklet by the National Urban League, out of a total of more than 200 unions, fewer than 25 refuse membership to Negroes. A questionnaire given to white workmen proved that 97 per cent had no objection to working with Negroes. They are employed in every capacity by many of the most outstanding industrial firms in the United States. It is to be hoped that the time is not far off when general acceptance of a rational employment policy will render the committee's existence unnecessary.

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LAST week, the War Production Board took an important step toward a double objective: the speeding up of war production and the saving of small business. Called to Washington were representatives of four industries, electric refrigerators, laundry machinery, office machines and typewriters. There they were informed by officials of the WPB that all their larger units must be totally converted from civilian to defense production. From now on, the small factories in these industries, which had been threatened with extinction by lack of materials, would produce all that was necessary for civilian needs. Although some opposition developed among the large-scale industrialists, the WPB made it clear that the era of "kid-glove" dealing with business had ended with the recent disasters in the South Pacific. While this plan will not solve all the problems of small business, it promises to save a number of plants which, despite the efforts of OPM and Senator Murray's Committee in the upper house, seemed headed for the wall. Mr. Nelson has insisted, with the approval of the country, that everything must be subordinated to the war effort. There should be, however, priorities even in the sacrifices that must be made to achieve our goal of all-out production. Among American institutions, few are entitled to a higher rating than small business. It is encouraging to see that the WPB is beginning to realize this.

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CRITICISM is a healthy thing, especially if it is given to protect the morale of a nation. The Motion Picture Industry and the Hays Office are striving earnestly to produce pictures which will keep up the morale of our nation in these trying times. It is true, that, being human organizations, they do make a mistake at rare intervals by placing an off-color picture before the public and thus make themselves a target for just criticism. But to do them justice, after the mistake is pointed out, the correction is made immediately. However, still being human, they would appreciate some praise for their many good pictures. It would not be too much to suggest that the patrons of the cinema, either singly or in groups, write a postcard to the producer or theatre praising a good picture. Such commendation will indicate the type of picture which pleases the audiences and it will also assure the Motion Picture Industry and the Hays Office that their efforts to assist the morale of the nation are producing effective results.

THE WAR. By a vote of 371 to 0, the House passed, forwarded to the Senate the largest single appropriation in Congressional history—\$32,070,901,900. for the Army, the Maritime Commission, and the lease-lend program. . . . Additions to the two-ocean navy slid down the ways. Launched were: the battleship *Alabama*, the cruiser *Montpelier*, the destroyers *Meade*, *Butler*, *Gherardi*, and two submarine chasers. Commissioned was the cruiser *Juneau*. . . . In the first war-time draft since 1917, men between the ages of twenty and forty-four registered under Selective Service. . . . A report issued by the National Association of Manufacturers listed sixty-eight strikes throughout the nation during January. Forty-three of these were in defense industries, causing a loss of 661,076 man-hours in war plants. . . . Plans for Government operation of short-wave radio stations were released. . . . The WPB revealed that manufacturers of radios were next in line for conversion to production of war materials. . . . WPB ordered curtailment in consumption of natural gas in seventeen States. . . . Selective Service headquarters directed local draft boards to defer key labor leaders and Government labor liaison men. . . . Attorney General Biddle granted railroads, bus lines, steamship companies, other common carriers legal permission to pool their resources during the war emergency without fear of prosecution under anti-trust laws. . . . The bill to promote the growing of guayule and other rubber producing plants in this country was vetoed by President Roosevelt. It omitted provisions for rubber promotion in Latin America. . . . The Army revealed an entire colored division will be formed. . . . Sixty days after being damaged at Pearl Harbor, the destroyer *Shaw*, with an emergency bow, made a Pacific port under its own power. . . . German submarines shelled Aruba Island, off the Venezuela coast, recently garrisoned by Americans. The subs sank or damaged seven tankers. United States planes broke up a projected second attack before it could be launched. . . . Off the Virginia coast, a Brazilian vessel was sent to the bottom, while a 11,615-ton tanker was damaged by three violent explosions, caused either by mines or torpedoes. . . . In the Sumatra area, American planes shot down ten Nipponese aircraft, attacked a Japanese air-drome, hit three transports, smashed troop-laden barges. . . . On February 15, British defenders of Singapore, 60,000 in number, surrendered unconditionally to the Mikado's forces. Tokyo changed the name of the island from Singapore to Shonan, or "Light of the South." . . . Continuing their hydra-headed assault, the Japanese captured Palembang, oil center in Sumatra, bombed Australian territory for the first time, and in Burma, moved to within ninety-five miles of Rangoon. . . . In the Philippines, the Mikado's forces stepped up their artillery pounding of the American forts in Manila Bay and increased the pressure on General MacArthur's lines. . . . Nipponese airmen twice bombed a refugee camp at the village of Cabcaben. . . . In the China Sea, a United States submarine sank a cargo ship. . . . American troops, "relatively small in number," landed in Java, a Netherlands report declared.

RUMORS that the Holy See attempted to interfere in the political relations of the Western Hemisphere at the time of the Inter-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro are definitely set at rest by the Most Rev. Archbishop Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States. "I have been directed by His Eminence, the Cardinal Secretary of State," said the Apostolic Delegate, "to declare publicly that the assertions contained in the above-mentioned press releases are purely fictitious. The Holy See, however desirous of international peace and harmony, made no pronouncements whatsoever, either through diplomatic channels, or confidentially, before, during or after the Inter-American Conference of Rio de Janeiro."

EACH year by a special privilege of the Holy See official, public celebration of the Mass of Saint Ansgar, Patron of Scandinavia, is permitted in one of the fifteen units of Saint Ansgar's Scandinavian Catholic League. Last year the Mass was celebrated in Saint Joseph's Cathedral by the LaCrosse, Wisconsin Unit. This year the special Mass was celebrated by the Unit of Fargo, North Dakota, of which the Rev. Thomas Hendrickson is Spiritual Director. On the same day appeared the fortieth issue of the annual Bulletin of the League which announces that, under the direction of the Rev. Hugh K. Wolf, the latest unit of the League has been formed at Canton, South Dakota. A unit was also formed recently in Buffalo, New York. This year's Bulletin contains a specially prepared article by Sigrid Undset on *The Church in Iceland Prior to the Reformation*. Abundant news is provided concerning the progress of Catholicism in Scandinavia and among people of Scandinavian descent in this country. It can be obtained gratis from the League's headquarters at 2 West 45th Street, Room 1104, New York, N. Y.

TAX levies against so-called "excess" land of Church properties have been initiated in the District of Columbia. Realty taxes have already been ruled upon holdings of the Washington Cathedral (Episcopalian) and the Georgetown Visitation Convent and additional Church properties, according to Religious News Service. Nearly sixty-six per cent of the Visitation land (33.38 acres), two lots of the House of Mercy property and the House of Studies for Dominican Sisters at the Catholic University of America were ordered taxed, as not coming within the exemptions granted by District law.

ONE very real casualty in the fall of Hong Kong has been the interference with the splendid work of Hong Kong's Catholic Truth Society. Testimony to the work of this society is its publication, a fascinating and picturesque album at \$1.50 a copy, entitled *China Through Catholic Eyes*, by Thomas F. Ryan, S.J. This richly illustrated work is distributed by Father Charles Meeus through the National Center of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade, Linwood Station, Cincinnati, Ohio. In view of the tremendous part that China is obliged to play, willingly or unwillingly, in the present conflict, it is

comforting to read in the words of Father Ryan "there is in the Chinese character something which other nations lack. The particular quality seems in reality a twofold one: first, a grasp of essentials which is almost an instinct and, secondly, a calm tenacity of purpose which is patience in its most valuable form." This "Chinese quality" of patience, in Father Ryan's opinion, is shown in the case of Chiang Kai-shek, who uses it as a political weapon.

FOR his Lenten pastoral the Most Rev. Aloisius J. Muench, Bishop of Fargo, chose the topic *Youth: A Chosen Generation*, and has distributed it to the clergy and laity of his diocese in the form of an attractive twenty-seven-page booklet. Says Bishop Muench: "The new world is in the making. A thinking, disciplined, religious, pure and loyal youth will remake it in accord with the plans of an all-wise and all-good sovereign Lord. Through all this, we see a gleam of better days through the black clouds that envelop the world. We put our faith in youth."

FINAL address in a series of six broadcasts on successive Wednesdays between Great Britain and the United States was delivered by the Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati. Discussing Inter-Church Cooperation, Archbishop McNicholas outlined five considerations, which, he said, ought to be included in any constructive plan for the future.

First, unanimity among religions in emphasizing belief in "a personal, omniscient and omnipotent God."

Second, the churches should unite in condemning the "godless philosophy taught in many colleges and universities."

Third, some means must be found to make religious instruction and discipline "a most vital matter" during youth's formative years.

Fourth, religious leaders must agree on a plan of action to combat the forces destroying or weakening the influence of the home.

Fifth, the same leaders, "in post-war days should insist on the dignity of every man because of his human personality."

Previous speakers on the international radio series included the Most Rev. Thomas L. Williams, Archbishop of Birmingham, England, and non-Catholic religious leaders.

TRIBUTE was paid to the courage of the Catholic parish priests in the Berlin suburbs by an unnamed American radio commentator who gave his observations to David Walker, noted British press correspondent now in Madrid, writing in the *London Universe*. Said the commentator: "The men I take off my hat to are the parish priests of the Berlin suburbs. Even today there is usually a Gestapo reporter in the congregation. Yet these priests, some young, some old, are not hesitating any longer to denounce what they know to be anti-Christ." Added the same observer: "Germany is not beaten by a very long chalk. . . . But she has become a pagan nation. Her women are officially requested to bear a son by any soldier going to the front, and marriage is of no consequence since the state guarantees the child."

DESPITE DEFEATS IN THE PACIFIC THE UNITED NATIONS MUST WIN

PETER PAUL COSGROVE

AS this is being written, the Japanese forces besieging the fortress of Singapore have succeeded in capturing that strategically important island. Japanese pressure on Burma, Sumatra and Java continues, with the evident intention of suppressing the mounting aerial power of the United Nations in those areas. Simultaneously, the offensive against General MacArthur's masterful defenders of Bataan threatens to reach a new high. The overall picture in the west Pacific would seem to be quite dark.

As a result, there will undoubtedly be a new storm of public criticism in this country directed against the war aims and policies of the United States and Great Britain. Without attempting to exaggerate such criticism, it must be said that it is somewhat widespread. While admitting the gravity of Allied losses in the west Pacific area, it is only reasonable to place on the other side of the scales certain considerations of policy which, if understood rightly, will make the picture appear somewhat less black. These considerations will be crystallized out of a short resume of certain fundamentals of military and naval strategy and of psychology which are essentially involved in the present conflict.

1. It is of primary importance to grasp this truth: the present war is a *world* war, a global war, in a sense never before so comprehensively true. Either in the form of armed combat or in that of morale-sapping propaganda and fifth-column activities, it spreads its lethal tentacles over every major portion of the inhabited globe. It must, then, be fought on the basis of global strategy. However much we Americans may be tormented by our national passion to "get things done in a hurry," we must submit ourselves in hard patience to this grisly imperative of war. There is no practicable formula for suddenly winning the war. And it will not be won, in all probability, by any single tactical success in one of the two major theatres, the European-Mediterranean or the Asiatic.

Just as the United Nations must—to a certain degree—accept the geographical character of the war as laid down by the Axis Powers, so they must assimilate (with a view to retaliation) the psychology of the Axis. The Nazi triumphs in Europe and the Japanese victories in the Pacific have been essentially triumphs of method and energetic application over short-sightedness, narrow nationalism, and lack of vigor. We must not be so proud

as to refuse that lesson. In Hitler's words: "One always learns most from the enemy." Especially after the great Nazi air raids in August-September of 1940, which failed to dragoon the British to the peace table, Hitler dedicated the Reich to the global strategy (the *Geopolitik* of Haushofer) which had as its first fruit the Tri-partite Pact into which the Japanese entered at Berlin on September 27, 1940. This decisively determined the global character of the second World War, and doomed to failure any Allied policy on other than a global basis.

As the United Nations for their part took up this gauntlet after the frenzied events of December 7-8, 1941, their strategic position on the world battlefield was, as a matter of fact, not at all an undesirable one. The military position of the United Nations is geographically and strategically composed of a battle front stretching some 20,000 miles from Moscow and Leningrad westward through Europe and the British Isles, the Atlantic, the United States, the Pacific and the islands of the west Pacific to Chungking in China. There are, of course, two major areas of armed combat at the moment. The first is that on our right flank, and embraces an area roughly demarcated, Leningrad to Libya. The second area is that of the left flank, with an enormous sweep from Chungking to northern Australia.

If this picture is thoroughly grasped, certain ABC's of Allied and Axis strategy become evident in the spotlight of military and naval technology. The Axis Powers find themselves fighting wars of the greatest magnitude on each of these flanks, while they are at present utterly isolated from each other. Berlin-Rome is quarantined from Tokyo, at the shortest distance, by the vast regions of Russia, India, Tibet and Burma. The two ends of this global axis at the moment have no effective sea lines of communication, though a threatened cession of some units of the French fleet and merchant marine would alter the situation somewhat. Thus, the Three Powers are subject to the rigors of "exterior lines" in their offensive efforts.

The United Nations, on the other hand, occupy what is termed "central position" (see Mahan, *Naval Strategy*, pp. 31 ff.). This gives them incalculable strategic and tactical advantages. Thus, they have good "interior lines": the United Nations can without excessive effort assemble their

collective available forces to smash at the Axis in "surprise" attacks on either flank at will. And the Axis cannot congregate an equal countering aggregation, because of its "exterior lines." Summing up, granted the all-important dimension of time (to actualize potential strength, especially in the air), the United Nations occupy a superior military and naval position which, coupled with their greater potential man-power and industrial productivity, should by all laws of war bring them eventual victory. This all on the basis of global strategy. On the basis of a strategy conceived in terms of a single theatre of war only, it is very possible that each Axis partner would find itself in a superior position. Hence, the absolute necessity of the maximum degree of unity of thought and unity of effort among the United Nations.

2. As a corollary, since the Three Powers are isolated at each end of the axis, they must rout their foes from each arena in order to gain a complete victory. For an Allied triumph in either area will permit so vast an accumulation of fighting power against the Axis in the remaining area that the result could not be considered doubtful. The Axis must win more or less simultaneously on both flanks, whereas the United Nations will have virtually won the war if they achieve supremacy in either area, because of their "central position."

3. A third fundamental involved in the conflict, and one often misunderstood, is delineated by the phasic character of war, especially of war on such a gigantic scale. It may be introduced by a graphic analogy. In the art of wrestling, it is often wise to permit one's opponent to bear the burden of offensive action, letting him spend his strength while one waits alertly for the opportunity to catch him tired and off-balance. So, too, in war. A well-planned withdrawal or series of withdrawals often sets the stage for a concerted and successful offensive. There are many advantages to a temporary occupancy of defensive position.

The notion of "interior lines" has been underlined. But this phrase has the connotation of *offensive* action. Hence, it is better adapted to the later stages of the war in the Pacific, when the United Nations will have assembled (as is confidently expected) decisive superiority over the Axis in man-power and machines, particularly aircraft, and will have centralized even more its available strength with a view to a series of offensive actions.

At the present phase of the struggle, despite the thrusts of Japanese spearheads south from the Netherlands Indies toward northern Australia (threatening American supply lines to Java and Burma) and rumored Nazi plans for a new spring offensive against Suez, the Levant and Iraq, nevertheless the United Nations still derive from their central position the great *defensive* benefits of good "communications," that is, good inter-connecting lines of information, supply and coordination. Geographical factors combine with the lightening character of the war as prescribed by the offensive Three Powers (and with many other factors: economic, industrial and political) to cast

the United Nations in a defensive role at the *present* stage of the war in the Pacific. Our concept of the ultimate geographical and military values involved dictates that we "take the punches" now in that arena, allowing the Japanese to extend their lines of operation and communication over an enormous area, while we meanwhile, to the best of our ability, fight a "delaying action" and consolidate our forces in one or a few strategic centers for the fated period of transition from defensive to offensive action. This, of course, has reference to the time when ABCD aircraft will be massed in sufficient strength at vital Asiatic bases to cover a major series of offensives by the ABD fleets.

4. Here another fundamental consideration makes itself heard. It was noted that the Three Powers, to achieve a true victory, must win decisively in both arenas of war. If they are beaten (while they fight isolated from each other) by the combined effort of the United Nations in one arena, they are slated for defeat in the other. This conclusion follows from the superior collective strength of the United Nations over either grouping of the Axis, which flows from the superior Allied "central position."

Now, from this postulate still another corollary would seem to be valid. As the United Nations, given time, reverse into *offensive* strategy, they should (because of their geographical position and their superiority in man-power and industrial productivity) to a large extent be able to dictate to the Three Powers the character of the warfare. They should be able to "name the weapons." This they cannot do on a large scale at the moment. Whereas the United Nations have greatly superior sea-power, the Reich eschews primary dependence on its Fleet and the Japanese Fleet refuses to come out from the shelter of what Admiral Nobumassa Suyetsugu called her "naturally built aircraft carriers"—the mandated islands of the Pacific (Caroline, Marianas, Marshalls). The Italian Fleet is in sorry condition. Allied air-power has not yet reached equality with Axis air-power, and the Axis has used its superiority in the air in concert with its great man-power and mechanization to win monumental victories.

But the dawn of another day is sending the first faint streaks of light across our horizon. Allied air-power in the Pacific arena is growing (particularly in Burma), a United States air chieftain is in command of the A.E.F. in North Ireland, plane production is registering a heartening growth in the United States, and we are slated to have one million American pilots within the year. Concurrently, the war in the Pacific would seem to be approaching a critical phase when the tide will turn from military and air-power to naval and air-power, in which type of warfare the United Nations should exercise definite superiority.

One massive conclusion may be drawn from these considerations of strategic constants and strategic changes. The time seems to be approaching when the Allies will be able to dictate to Japan a combined aerial and naval warfare. Admitting

the possibility of grave tactical reverses, in principle such a showdown between the Allies and the Japanese Navy should eventuate in defeat for the cherry blossom insignia of the Japanese Navy. Such a defeat, decisive in character, must inevitably conclude in the collapse of the Japanese Empire, which is radically rooted in the concept of sea-power (see Capt. W. D. Puleston, U. S. N.—former director, United States Naval Intelligence—*The Armed Forces of the Pacific*). But this, as we have seen, would essentially involve the total defeat of the Three Powers.

At the other end of the Axis, one does not have to be a prophet to foresee a coming Allied offensive against the Reich and Italy in which the Allies will dictate a warfare waged to a great extent in the air. The outcome of such an engagement with the Luftwaffe (symbolized by its insignia of a flying eagle) is more open to speculation than is the eventual showdown with the cherry blossoms in the Pacific. But, again, the defeat of this Axis partner would lose the entire war for the Axis.

Hitler has been denominated our No. 1 enemy. But certain strategic factors would seem to indicate that Japan represents the greatest peril to the Allies at the moment, and that she also represents the easier prey. A certain choice between the two arenas will have to be made, for in all probability we cannot fight a winning war on both flanks simultaneously. Which flank is to come first is still a subject of speculation, and is best left to the decision of the Allied supreme command.

5. Two final fundamentals deserve brief mention. The success of the "delaying action" in the Pacific is of utmost importance, to prevent Japan from capitalizing too heavily on her gains before the Allied total effort there can be mustered.

6. Unity of thought and unity of effort on the part of all the Allied Nations are of the greatest moment, if the Allies are to translate into actualities their theoretical advantages based on "central position" and demographic and industrial superiorities. As against dissension-arousing propaganda emanating from Berlin, we must manfully oppose a mutual trust in each other and the willingness to sacrifice particular goods for the common great end of a total victory. Let us not force history to record the second woful spectacle of nations going down to servile subjugation because of internecine jealousies and suspicions. This stricture applies among the different branches of the services of any one country, and it applies among the nations themselves. As Raoul de Sales (see his commentary on Hitler's *My New Order*, esp. pp. 795-797) has pointed out, Hitler substituted for the first-class navy, which he did not have, a formidable weapon of propaganda which would penetrate the innermost reaches of every country. A counter-offensive against his strategy of dividing his enemies is essential to an Allied victory.

All of these fundamentals should be carefully balanced against "bad news" coming from the two great war areas, before any judgment is passed on the war policies of the United Nations, and before the weapon of harsh criticism is wielded.

BY-PRODUCT OF WAR MAY HELP EDUCATION

JOHN WILTBYE

"WHAT," I asked my old friend Zebedee the other day, "do you think of the eight-four-four plan?"

One of the advantages of having a friend is that you can throw fragments of thought at him, without stirring the suspicion that you are slightly crazy. If he does not understand what you are talking about, he will humor you by pretending that he does, or he will keep on doing whatever he is doing, and hope for light. But he will not look around anxiously for a policeman.

"I thought they named them for letters of the alphabet, like radio stations," he offered. "Is the Government giving its new agencies numbers, like freight-cars? Well, that's reasonable. There are more numbers than letters."

"I was talking," I rejoined, "about our educational system. Nowadays a boy goes to grade school for eight years. If he survives that in reasonably good mental condition, he has four years at high school. After that, he lives through four years at college. That's sixteen years. Don't you think the time could be reduced?"

My friend, a very prosperous business man in a small city, did not reply at once. He is what is called "a leading citizen," which means that he has amassed a comfortable competence, that everyone "likes" him, that people of all sorts, including members of the clergy, come to him for advice. (Just a few years ago, he and his wife became Catholics, but the non-Catholic clergy still come, overlooking his lapse, and deeming it just another of life's mysteries.) I knew of what he was thinking. Although he is a bookish man, widely read, and one of the best speakers in town, he is not the product of an eight-four-four-system. He used to trudge three miles over the hills, for there were no free buses in his day, to a little country school house, where one teacher, a slightly acidulous maiden lady, was the sole mistress of this world of letters.

He had hoped to stay here long enough to get ready for what we called "Professor Bristow's school," which was really our high school, one of the first in all that region. But when he was about eleven years old, his father died, and he had the choice of a place in an orphan asylum, or of doing little chores for a neighboring farmer. He took the latter. (I suppose that in these times a children's agency would have outlined, and probably spoiled, his life for him.) But he thrived on the farm for some six years, and then went to work in a hardware shop. He owned it by the time he was thirty. Like so many of my contemporaries, he has managed to become an educated man on a three-zero-zero system.

It was useless, I saw, to pursue my investigation here. He is too modest to think that any opinion of his on education is of value, to me or to any one else.

On my way home, I met Miss Mary, who for years has taught English and what our school board calls "allied subjects," in the eighth grade of one of our schools. As we walked along, I gathered that in her judgment eight grades are not enough today. She thinks it would be fatal to drop even one year. For "after seven years," quoth she, "the children can't spell, or write a sentence that is structurally correct." Much more she said, but I quote only the concluding complaint.

I had heard the same complaint, I reflected, from a bright young fellow who is the principal of our high school. But he applied it to his seniors. They seemed to be pretty good in physics and stuff like that (he majored in history for his doctorate) but they could neither speak nor write good English. Only the other day he had been talking to the chairman of the Committee on Admission at his old college. That gentleman complained bitterly that the intellectual equipment of nine out of ten of his freshmen consisted of a nondescript assortment of "credits."

My little investigation would seem to lead to rather remarkable conclusions. The eight-four system ought to be lengthened. Or, it ought to be abolished.

I can suggest a third possibility. We ought to get better teachers.

As I set that last suggestion down, I realize that it is silly. If a man is to teach, he must have something worth teaching in his soul, and somebody that can be taught. Even Michelangelo had to have a block of marble, or a mass of bronze, and his paints, blended just as he wanted them. Often our teachers have neither marble, nor bronze, nor colors, nor even an idea of what they would do, if they had the materials. Grand Duke Cosimo could give his orders, because he knew his man. Our teachers have no Grand Duke. They are the victims of democracy in education.

So, too, is the public.

Among the boys and girls that swarm before them, there may be good bronze and marble. But the teachers in our mass-production schools are so bewildered by this largesse that they can hardly see their material. Even if they did, even when they do, they cannot stop long enough to plan what they want to do with it, and how. They must follow a schedule. As the boy passes before them on the endless transmission belt, they stamp him, or stamp at him, and hope for the best.

The public hopes for the best too, and keeps on supplying billions in money. Everybody must be "educated" and according to a formula. Mark Hopkins and his log would jam up the machinery. It would have pleased me, from what I hear, to be farther removed from old Mark than by the length of a log, but there is a truth underlying that description of an old-fashioned ideal in education. Mark could at least get a good look at his pupil. I wonder if the teachers in that high school in our

State metropolis, can do as much? Of course, it is not very large, as high schools go in these days, for it has only about 5,000 pupils.

Good teachers are rare, but I don't think that in our present case the teachers are to blame. The fault is chiefly in the system with which they are connected. As my old teacher, the late Bishop Murphy, S.J., used to say, casting a somewhat mordant eye in my direction: "You can't polish brick. When you try, you only spoil perfectly good material." Of old, the children of Israel were set to make brick without any straw. Their job was no worse than that of the modern teacher. He knows perfectly well that it is lost time to try to polish brick, and worse than time lost when it means that he must neglect the marble before him.

After a few heart-breaking years, he settles down, in a dark mood of suppressed despair, or falls in with the opinion of older teachers who think that if their superiors are not worried over the shortcomings of this mass-production system, they would be fools to fret themselves over it. Father Faber somewhere speaks of lost vocations, by which he means the many who seriously begin to serve God, but grow discouraged after a time, and settle down into a contented mediocrity. I wonder how many lost vocations we have among our teachers? If they do not lose all their early enthusiasm, they must retain it by a kind of miracle.

Miracles, certainly, are possible. But they are not common, it seems to me, among teachers. As Mark Twain's Nigger Jim said, in another connection, "when dey gets sot, dey stays sot."

War has many curious by-products. One of them may be a saner approach to this problem of public education. To echo Dr. Hutchinson and a dozen others, the public is not getting what it pays for. In the days to come, we are not going to be able to pour out billions every year, but we are going to have plenty of room for boys and girls who want an education, and are willing to work for it. I hear that the colleges are having more trouble than they anticipated in telescoping their four-year course into three years. Perhaps the trials they are now enduring will prepare them for further adjustments in the future, when our young men certainly, and probably our young women too, will be required to undergo an extended period of military service.

There is no profit, of course, in borrowing trouble. While it does seem probable that compulsory military service will be established after the war, that is only a probability, not a certainty. But it is a possibility which our school administrators must keep in mind.

The changes made necessary by war may throw out of our colleges the crowds of young people who are there only because they do not know what else to do. These may reform our high-schools, now packed to the eaves by a compulsory education law. They may even initiate the death struggle of the "democracy of education" the policy which has made our public educational system appallingly expensive, and, as many now complain, more than a little ridiculous.

HITLER'S CRIMINAL ONSLAUGHT AGAINST CATHOLIC SLOVENIA

JOHN LaFARGE

HITLER'S will has taken its fullest scope in two countries, Poland and Slovenia. The people—not just the political form—of those countries have been singled out for destruction. As *peoples* the Poles and the Slovenes must be blotted out from the earth. Both these doomed nations are ancient Catholic peoples, among the most Catholic peoples in the world. In both Poland and Slovenia the destruction is aimed directly at their Catholicism quite as much as at their physical existence. Enough has been done in these countries, even irrespective of all that has been done elsewhere, to show superabundantly that exactly the same destruction, engineered by the same methods, will be enforced against the Catholic Church and Catholic life in every other country of the world if and when the Nazi world-system is put in force.

There is, to say the least, no guarantee whatsoever that the fate of the Dioceses of Ljubljana and Maribor in Slovenia, or of Warsaw and Plotzk in Poland, will not await the dioceses and archdioceses of the Western Hemisphere in the due course of events. Sufficient for us as Catholics, as members of the Mystical Body, that any or many of those same things could and probably would occur here, if we were subjected to such slavery; and that all of them, once the Hitler will could act over the whole world without fetters, would indubitably occur in country after country of the present Catholic *orbis terrarum*.

Some Catholics appear conscientiously fearful of considering these possibilities out of anxiety lest they distract our thoughts from the very serious possibilities of deception and devilry on the part of Communist agencies in the event of an Allied victory. To such I would reply: we do need to be very alive to such Marxist possibilities, more alive than most of us now are. But in the warfare with the Devil and his totalitarian cohorts we can take a salutary leaf from the textbooks of earthly military tactics. Every news-listening member of the family knows that no war is waged on a single front, that every alert must be protected by a counter-alert. Stronger and more advised against Communist deceptions will be our position at a victorious peace conference if we have not allowed our attention to what Pal Joey has up his sleeve to hoodwink us as to the schemes in Hitler's kitbag of violence and propaganda; just as the converse proposition is true.

Not so many years ago, before Catholic opinion became roused over the Russian menace, this writer

found himself more or less a voice crying in the desert along with the Rev. Edmund A. Walsh and a mere handful of others. Talk of the Communist threat was then decried on the ground it would distract Catholics from the jobs they had to do in their own parishes right at home. Since then, bitter experiences have made us wiser and have become a standard theme for sermons, lectures and the Catholic press. If that wisdom has not abandoned us, we can learn now to pay close attention, without losing balance, to the lessons of Poland and Slovenia.

It is now possible to add a sequel to the article on Slovenia published in *AMERICA* (August 30, 1941) under the title: *How Hitler Tortures the Church in Slovenia*. That article dealt with the religious persecution in that country from the time of its occupation by the Nazis until May 18, 1941. It was based upon an official report sent to the Holy See and to Mussolini by the Consulta established by the Italian Government in Italian-occupied Slovenia. Since that time these facts have become more widely known. Only some ten days ago there came in the mail the issue of the *Zealandia*, published in New Zealand, reprinting the *AMERICA* article. Recently facts arrived from an authoritative source, continuing the recital of events. What has happened since May, 1941, almost to the present time, will be recounted next week. In order that the significance of these events be better grasped, their recital is preceded in this issue with a brief picture of just what kind of Catholic civilization the Nazis have undertaken to destroy.

Slovenia, in the wider sense, covered a territory which stretches from the northern shores of the Adriatic Sea to the Pannonian plains in the East. In former Austria-Hungary, provinces inhabited wholly or in part by Slovenes were: Carniola (Krain), Styria (Steiermark), Carinthia (Kärnten), Gorizia (Görz), Trieste and Istria, with their respective six Catholic dioceses.

After the World War, some of Slovenia remained with Austria, some went to the new Italy, the rest—with the majority of the total Slovene population—became one of the divisions of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes; later known as Yugoslavia.

Jugoslav Slovenia—the region with which the present issue is concerned—was again divided, into three parts.

Italy obtained Ljubljana (Laibach), capital of Slovenia, with seven districts south of that town,

with a population amounting to 329,000. Germany obtained the remaining territory with a population of 850,000, less some 85,000 obtained by Hungary.

From the moment of partition, it was perfectly clear that Germany intended to apply a ruthless and immediate policy of Germanization. Official spokesmen made no secret of it.

Some idea of the vitality of Catholicism in Yugoslav Slovenia—prior to this partition—may be obtained from the flourishing of the Catholic press.

Catholic priests and laymen built their own printing plant—the *Jugoslovanska Tiskarna*—which eventually grew into a major enterprise and ultimately developed into by far the greatest and most modern printing concern in the Eastern part of Central Europe.

Together with this enterprise, the Slovene Catholics organized their own publishing companies and book-shops. Conducted on a cooperative basis, this Catholic concern printed in 1941 seventeen distinct periodicals, covering every phase of Catholic life and suited to every type of reader: daily papers, professional journals; student, literary, scientific, clergy, Catholic Action reviews, etc.

The library department of the Catholic Press Association published annually in the past ten years twenty-four books (novels, popular, scientific works, prayer-books, etc.) for its subscribers, who totaled 35,000 in 1939.

Along with publication was organized an elaborate plan of circulation and distribution. During nearly 100 years of its existence, the Brotherhood of Saint Hermagoras distributed many millions of excellent books among the Slovenes. One of its features was an annual "book-gift" of assorted volumes. Among the Slovene peasants illiteracy was almost unknown. The peasant subscribed to his daily paper and probably a weekly or a monthly review as well. There was always a shelf of well-read books to be found in his neat and tidy home. Many of the peasants had attended secondary schools or even the university in their youth.

Catholic cultural societies flourished, embracing every field of popular education. Among the numerous religious societies were the Children of Mary, in every parish and all secondary schools; Catholic organizations for university students; the Third Order of Saint Francis; the Men's Apostolate, the Union of Catholic Families, the Union for Catholic Missions, the Apostolate of Saints Cyril and Methodius for reunion with the Eastern Churches.

Of all the Slavonic peoples the Slovenes seemed best able to detach themselves from an unduly nationalistic spirit and devote themselves to the spiritual welfare of peoples of other lands, races and tongues, such as the American Indians. The love for the foreign missions was highly developed among them, and from their number came some of the greatest and most talented pioneer missionaries in the United States, such as the saintly Bishop Baraga.

On this foundation of a literate, spiritually developed and culturally organized people, Catholic social action in Slovenia was able to erect a remarkably practical economic structure, following out

Christian principles as to widely distributed property, mutual economic aid, etc. Catholic endeavor in this respect worked harmoniously with projects initiated by non-Catholic and secular agencies.

The cooperative movement in Slovenia was highly organized and played a part of primary importance in the life of the nation. It originated some fifty years ago as a move to counteract the economic exploitation of the Slovene peasant from the hands of the German money-lender and retailer, and the Slovene worker from the German industrialist and foreman.

The cooperative movement developed rapidly over the country along three main lines. First, cooperative savings banks were set up with the dual purpose of protecting the peasants' and workers' savings and providing them with cheap credit. Through these banks, many thousands of hard-working families were saved from ruin, farm equipment was modernized, productivity of the land increased, and the standard of living raised. By 1938, Slovenia possessed well over 500 savings banks with a membership of 156,000 and \$24,000,000 worth of small deposits. The money-lender was driven out of business and the tyranny of the big industrialist broken.

Secondly, consumer cooperatives broke the monopoly of the German tradesmen and brought all manner of manufactured goods within the reach of the poor. These cooperatives counted over 83,000 members and 200 branches.

Thirdly, there grew up an endless variety of producer cooperatives for the distribution of milk, cheese, fruit and agricultural implements. There were cooperative sawmills, electricity stations, and soap factories, and many interesting industrial cooperatives, such as the iron works in Kropa owned by its 280 factory hands.

In the two dioceses of Yugoslav Slovenia, Ljubljana and Maribor, the number of cooperatives established in the single parishes passed the eight-hundred mark. These were of many kinds: Savings Banks, Consumer Cooperatives, Milk Collecting Cooperatives, Industrial Producers, etc., operated very successfully and enduring to the Slovenes an independent economic existence.

To both the Nazi and the Soviet system the existence of such an independent, popularly controlled cooperative economic area of public life is wholly repugnant. Hated by the Soviets as interfering with complete centralization of power, this self-help of the "little men" is a standing rebuke to the high-sounding Nazi claims for being the champions of the "Have-Nots" against the "Haves."

With one blow, this remarkable structure was smashed by a decree of the Reich Commission, dissolving all the cooperatives and confiscating their property. Whether the proceeds have gone into the coffers of the Arbeitsfront or of some other organization or group of individuals is not yet known, but the fact remains that these funds are now, undoubtedly, being applied to promote that very process of Germanization which they were designed, originally, to arrest.

(To be continued next week).

TREND TOWARD GREED IN PROFITS AND WAGES

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

SEVERAL weeks ago, Philip Murray, President of the C.I.O., instructed all his affiliated unions to press for wage increases on the expiration of old contracts. Setting the example himself, as head of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, he demanded in recent conferences with "Little Steel" a flat dollar-a-day raise. When the negotiations broke down, the issue was tossed in the lap of the new National War Labor Board, where, as this article goes to press, it now lies. Should a decision be handed down even partially favorable to the SWOC, the country can expect a rash of similar demands; and that prospect has many of our citizens seriously worried.

To some extent, all this is an old story in the history of American industry. Come boom times and at once labor presses, rightly and understandably, for higher wages. In periods of prosperity, capital earns more or less luxuriant profits, while at the same time, prices seek higher levels and the cost of living heads for the stratosphere. Naturally, then, the workingman wants a higher wage, not only because he has to pay more for food, clothes and rent, but also because he feels entitled to a more generous share of the increased wealth he is helping to produce. These reasons—increased business profits and higher cost of living—are the basis for the current demands of organized labor for higher wages.

In ordinary times, no reasonable person would deny the justice of labor's position. But these are by no means ordinary times, and there are good grounds for suspecting that Mr. Murray has launched the C.I.O. on a somewhat imprudent course. Economists, some of whom are not unfriendly to labor, have pointed out that widespread and notable increases in wages contribute to an inflationary spiral, which, should it come, will not only nullify whatever increases are granted, but leave the worker worse off than before. Wages will not be able to catch up with living costs.

Before the outbreak of hostilities with Japan, labor leaders denied, with considerable conviction, that wage increases had anything to do with the rise in the cost of living which took place in 1941. This they attributed rather to monopolistic practices, artificial shortages and profiteering in some sectors of American industry, as well as to the strong spurt in agricultural prices. Since increases in wages, they argued at the time, could easily be absorbed by an industry which was producing with improved, labor-saving machinery at capacity or near capacity levels, there was no need to raise prices to meet the heavier wage bills.

This argument, however, which seems sound as

far as it goes, neglects an aspect of the inflationary picture which has assumed primary importance since Pearl Harbor. We are living today in an all-out war economy in which consumer goods will become increasingly scarce. The problem that now vexes a social-minded Administration at Washington is not how to increase the power to consume, but how to reduce it. Otherwise the press of purchasing power on a limited supply of goods will send prices skyward.

As Richard E. Mulcahy showed in an authoritative article, *War Launches Treasure-Hunt for Fifty-Six Billion Dollars*, published in the February 7 issue of this Review, some 15 billion dollars of excess purchasing power must be siphoned off in some way if we are to escape inflation. When 70 billion dollars—the estimated national income this year remaining after taxes, investments in Defense Bonds and Social Security payments—begin bidding for the 54 billion dollars of goods and services which the Government will not need for the war effort, only one result, in the nature of things, is possible—a rise in the price level. Hence, economists argue, an increase of wages at this time will only accentuate the competition for the limited amount of consumer goods available and, despite all efforts at price control, send living costs higher than they now are.

This does not mean, however, that labor should voluntarily freeze wages at their present levels for the duration. If we divide wage earners into two broad groups, those who are at present receiving adequate wages, and those who are not, it would seem that the former ought, in general, to remain content with the present wage level. If, in the months to come, the cost of living continues to soar, there would be room for any adjustment necessary to sustain their standard of living. On the other hand, those struggling along on an inadequate wage are justified in demanding at once a raise sufficient to insure a decent standard of living. In this case, the danger of inflation is minimized, since these people spend practically all their meager earnings on the necessities of life, of which, fortunately, we have an ample supply.

Are the corporations, then, to be left free to make enormous profits in a war-time economy? Is this what is really bothering Mr. Murray and the C.I.O.? Many labor leaders today are well acquainted with economic conditions. They and their expert advisers realize, as well as the editorial writers, the threat of inflation inherent in imprudent demands for wage increases; and they do not want inflation any more than the rest of us do. Is Philip Murray serious, then, when he demands a dollar-a-day raise for his steel workers? Or is he merely serving dramatic notice on Congress that labor will not stand for reckless and selfish profiteering at the public expense?

If this be the strategy behind the widespread demands for higher wages, it places the whole situation in a different light. What seems at first sight a serious cause of incessant industrial strife resolves itself into a grievance which can easily be removed. Ostensibly the whole country is opposed

to profiteering during the nation's agony of war. Time and again the representatives of the people have announced on the floor of Congress their sturdy determination to make profiteering impossible. And about the attitude of the Administration there can be no doubt whatever. Leon Henderson, the Price Administrator, has made that clear on a number of occasions. Yet, up till now, the necessary legislation has not been put on the books. Are labor's recent demands for higher wages an impatient attempt to force the issue and stiffen legislative spines? The emphasis on the immediate necessities of an all-out war effort should not serve as a smoke-screen for those who would profiteer with impunity.

While this tug-of-war goes on, some of us are wondering that has happened to Secretary Morgenthau's proposal of last autumn to limit corporation profits to six per cent. The reaction to this plan, it will be remembered, was instantaneous, and decidedly on the explosive side. Damned as "fantastic" and "incredible," as "confiscatory" and "destructive of the capitalist system of free enterprise," the suggestion has not yet received the consideration it deserves.

In Wall Street, so a friend reported at the time, brokers cloaked their anxiety with a witty "what profits?"—the implication being that financial circles would be only too delighted if Mr. Morgenthau would guarantee a five-per-cent return on invested capital. Recent reports, of course, on corporate profits for 1941, which generally approach the lush levels of 1929, and in some cases surpass them, have taken some of the humor out of this type of argument. We must not wage this war so that all the burden falls on the soldiers and laborers while a wily few wax fat on war orders.

Editorial writers, it is true, along with some professional economists and a few columnists, raised more serious difficulties which merit the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury. The argument, however, that recurred over and over again was that such taxation would destroy free enterprise and extinguish the profit motive which keeps the wheels of industry turning, and thus lead to a loss of efficiency in the defense program. Oddly enough, a ceiling on wages, which a number of the opponents of the Morgenthau plan have advocated, is not supposed to have a similar effect on workingmen. Is the general public to conclude, somewhat invidiously, that patriotism suffices to sustain the efficiency of the worker, but not that of the capitalist?

Let us grant that sound reasons militate against the adoption of a six-per-cent ceiling on corporation profits. Let us defer to what are called the orthodox economists. Nevertheless, there is no good reason why an excess profits tax cannot be drawn which, while allowing reasonable profits, will make profiteering impossible. Until this is done, labor will continue to demand a larger share of corporation income; we shall have constant industrial conflict; and one fine morning we may wake up to find the country being swept away on a mounting wave of inflation.

THE NIGHT BEFORE SHE BECAME A NUN

DORAN HURLEY

CONSTANCE CASEY has gone from us. She has entered. She is a Carmelite nun now, all the gay and latest fashions that we secretly used to watch for of a Sunday exchanged for the brown habit of Saint Theresa.

It was a great grief in the Old Parish that she did not take the veil somewhere nearby, where we might have all gone to have had a last look at her. But it seems that the prioress of a convent up in New York State is a friend of Mrs. Patrick Crowley's Father confessor; and of course that settled it.

The father, Mike Casey the butcher, went up of course, along with Mrs. Crowley. Maria Killoran made the trip, too, and Aggie Kelly, who had saved her vacation, putting off a visit to Saint Anne de Beaupré until next year. It was from them we got all the news; and a truly lovely ceremony it was from all accounts, and very pious.

Aggie Kelly, for so many years our organist and a world's authority on such matters, from her view in the mirror over her keyboard, stated categorically that there had never been in life nor the movies a more beautiful bride. Aggie simply raved about Constance's appearance as she entered the chapel in the stiff, crinolined white silk that had been Mrs. Crowley's wedding dress sixty odd years ago.

Mrs. Crowley admitted laconically that the dress had kept well and that if you keep a thing long enough, it is sure to be back in style; but it was upon Sister Mary of the Annunciation's re-appearance in her nun's clothing that she expatiated, with somewhat of awe. As a bride of Christ, said Mrs. Crowley, Constance's face had a peace and holiness and a radiance that were not of this world. If ever a true vocation was written large, she saw it that morning.

I was in the Old Parish the evening before Constance left. Mrs. Crowley had asked a few of us in to say goodbye. It was not Mike Casey's last night with his daughter, as he was driving her up, and the new pastor had invited him over for dinner, so Constance was free. And Mrs. Crowley had asked her soldier boys if they would mind if she had the parlor alone to herself for that night.

Aggie was there and Maria and Mary Ellen and Katie Sullivan, Tim's wife, and a few others beside. I was the only male at the start, and we talked very low and as hushed as at a wake. In fact, a stranger would be apt to think that it was we who were going and Constance staying behind, for she was bright and gay.

I do not know how we got talking. I think it was Maria Killoran mentioned how ill at ease we felt that the Old Parish was sending Constance off

without a big celebration and a good gift. For it did bother us that, whereas with a priest being ordained there is a chance to offer a stole or a pyx case, and to share in the joy of the family at the reception after the First Mass, we were doing nothing of the kind for Constance. But it was at her own and her father's request, and she answered Maria then that she was taking the most precious thing of all with her, the memories we had made for her of the Old Parish.

And then quickly, for she could see that we were all very touched at her saying that, she turned to Mrs. Crowley and asked her to tell some of her memories of the real old days when the parish was young.

Nothing loth, Mrs. Crowley went away back before even the church was built, when there was just the one parish in what is now a great diocese. She told us of the little wooden chapel with an ell shed built on for a sacristy, where Father Sullivan used to sleep in the earliest days.

She recounted to us what her father had told her of Father Matthew's visit to the parish and of the time the Indians from Oldtown in Maine made a special pilgrimage down on Saint Patrick's Day to honor Father Sullivan, who had labored apostolically for years among them.

Of "God's night work" she told us, which was what the men of the parish called the hours they spent digging the foundations of the new church when their own hard day's labor was over. The church was dedicated by Bishop Fitzpatrick the year she was born, and her own, she said proudly, was the first christening at its font that afternoon by the Bishop himself. She and the church started life together; not but what the church has aged better, she added drily.

She recalled, then, Constance's own christening. The Pope's boy Johnny was godfather, and Mother Theresa at the convent—Ann Ryan then, and full of it—godmother. It was Ann's first experience and she was scared so stiff at the responsibility that she asked Mrs. Crowley to stand by her for fear lest she drop the baby. "So frightened was she," said Mrs. Crowley with delight, "that she forgot my instructions. It was I had to lean over and pinch you, or it would have been a silent christening and that's always a bad sign."

I could see Aggie Kelly getting nervous lest Mrs. Crowley get it into her head to recall Agnes' baptism—and the year. For I knew Mrs. Crowley was one of the sponsors, although the date is hopefully ignored by Agnes and thus far, mercifully, by Mrs. Patrick. I asked Constance quickly of her own memories.

Aggie Kelly flushed red and gave a series of nervous giggles to hide her pride when Constance spoke of the loveliness of the music always in the Old Parish church, and how much Aggie's playing and singing had meant to her, and still would in memory.

"Couldn't you play something now for her?" Mary Ellen Shea startlingly, through her sniffles, took the lead away from Mrs. Crowley. And it surely must have been more than material coincidence,

that Aggie, who, priding herself on being a real musician, never plays without her music, happened to have her organ copy of *Saint Basil's Hymn Book* with her.

Mrs. Crowley bustlingly opened the square piano and one after the other we heard the old hymns, *Ave Sanctissima*, *To Jesus Heart All Burning*, *Hail Heavenly Queen* and *Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All*. Liturgically correct they may not be, yet Constance whispered to me of her own great sentimental attachment to them.

I had heard the bell tinkle and seen Mrs. Crowley slip from the room, yet somehow I was not at all surprised to see the new pastor standing in the doorway and, absolute liturgist as he is, joining a strong voice to Aggie's in *Veni Jesu Amor Mi*. Mike Casey was with him and young Father McCabe, our curate.

It may be that Mrs. Crowley, who scolds her boys like a stepmother but spoils them like a grandmother, and is as watchful of their interests as an aunt, thought that song was not as cheerful for some of them as might be. Anyway she whispered to Aggie to play something livelier for Pat to sing. So he gave us the *Laughing Song* of his that has taken down the house at every parish entertainment this good while.

No one wanted to stop his singing, of course. Besides we had been well aware that for some little time, Mrs. Crowley had been edging and nudging old Ned Meehan to somewhat near the fore. So it was that in the quiet, after much throat clearing and fingering of his tie, Ned stammered out to Constance, with agonized side appeals in his old eyes to the new pastor, of the one gift that the Old Parish felt it could and should and would give to Constance.

It was this, that the new pastor had consented to celebrate a solemn Mass of the Angels at the hour of her profession, and the Old Parish to offer at it for her a corporate Communion.

There are moments it is well not to write about. What followed was one of them. We were all a bit shaken and none knew exactly what to do or where to look.

Mrs. Patrick Crowley saved the evening by herself taking the piano stool and with stiffened fingers but with great resolution bravely thumping out *The Fairy Wedding Waltz*. She was going on courageously into her other tour de force, *General Grant's Grand March*, but the new pastor called out for her to play the first tune over, and signalled to Mike Casey to lead Constance out on the floor.

Round and round they went like a professional team, for Mike was always light on his feet and Constance had all the social graces. It was a gay and great performance.

"For Heaven's sake," said one of Mrs. Crowley's lads to me. "Why on earth is that girl going to be a nun?"

Constance heard him. "For Heaven's sake!" she said as she twirled by. I think he understood better as the party broke up; for spontaneously, with no one person taking the lead, we all began to sing together *Holy God We Praise Thy Name*.

THE "Bundles for Congress" movement is an instance of a justified popular uprising which renews the faith of many in the power of the American people to make themselves heard by their public servants, and obeyed. When, in a bill intended for the relief of Federal civil-service employes, Congress included a clause which permitted its own members to qualify for pensions, the people rose up to demand that this clause be repealed. Congress heard, evaded, pondered and capitulated.

We hope, however, that the sections of the act which were framed for the benefit of the Government's civil-service employes, will not be wrecked by this repeal. The Government is the largest employer of labor in the world, but its relations to these men and women is not that of a father with his children. It is closer akin to that of the wicked stepmother in Grimm's fairy tales.

These employes tacitly forego the right to strike, and the right of collective bargaining. When they are told that they must work over-time, at night, on Sundays, and on holidays, without pay, and that hereafter all vacations are cancelled, they must meekly submit. To them, double and time-and-a-half wages, are merely phrases that apply to the Government's carpenters, builders and other employes in the military encampments, and to munition-workers.

As the cost of living rises, their wages remain stationary. Since they cannot strike, bargain collectively, or work through political organizations, their only appeal is to the public. But the public, thinking them an over-paid and under-worked gang of political favorites, is usually deaf to their appeal.

These employes are not making any concerted demand for higher pay, and the Mead-Ramspeck bill had nothing to do with the wage-scale. But with the demand by farmers and organized labor for an increased income, it is only a question of time before the civil-service employes will fall in with the procession. And that, we think, would be a tactical error. The people are awakening, and they will, sooner or later, strike down organized employers, organized labor and organized politicians, who, in the country's war agonies, see nothing but an opportunity to profiteer.

With the passing of the OPM, greater care is being taken in the awarding of contracts. If this policy is rigorously maintained, the vultures in industry will be forced to be content with a reasonable profit. The new War Labor Board has warned organized labor that it must not attempt to demand wages higher than the traffic will bear, or use the strike to enforce the demand at a time when every day of lost work may prolong the war by weeks. This new spirit is, we believe, a belated response to the demand of the people that every dollar of their money, marked either for munitions or for the country's internal needs, be spent economically.

The eyes of a heavily-burdened people are on Congress. Congress will do well to heed their counsel.

ARMY MORALE

SOME weeks ago, a reliable correspondent informed us that the Government had granted a priority in rubber to be used in the production of "prophylactic devices." That information did not surprise us. Should the War Department stick to its resolve to enforce the regulations as set down in the *Basic Field Manual*, that priority is wholly necessary. The Government needs rubber in the production of planes, ships, and other instruments of war. It also needs rubber to be used for purposes which, whatever the Government's intentions, will promote the growth of commercialized vice.

In New York and other large cities situated near military encampments, vice conditions have grown alarming. Girls of fifteen years of age, and in some cases even younger, have been regimented by procurers engaged in this horrible traffic. As long as the War Department continues to require "all post exchanges to stock" devices "of approved quality," this traffic will continue.

Under present conditions, the military officials do not, it is true, advocate sexual promiscuity. But the regulations condone it, provided that no disease follows. Reduced to practical terms, the obligation of all post exchanges to stock and sell, when requested, prophylactic devices, means to thousands of young soldiers that the Government's sole objection to sexual promiscuity is the possibility of infection.

That cynical disregard of morals, that shameless indifference to the protection of the dignity of women as images of God, stands out in shocking contrast to the high ideals announced at the beginning of this war.

It will not do to retort that these horrible excesses are inevitable, for they are not. One way of abating them is to provide adequate recreational facilities, instead of prophylactic devices, in every camp. Another, to be joined with the first, is to put all suspected districts and premises out of bounds, and police them. The measures which the *Manual* orders when the incidence of disease has become high, should be enforced from the beginning.

If military discipline is incompatible with these recommendations, our army heads should revise their views and that discipline. Condoned immorality is no aid to army morale.

FLEXIBLE GOVERNMENT

SOME weeks ago, a challenging article, proposing certain amendments to the Constitution, was contributed to the *New York Times* by Mr. Henry Hazlitt. The argument was for a Government more directly and immediately responsible to the people, and a model, in certain respects, was found in the British parliamentary system. The Prime Minister must justify himself before Parliament, or out he goes, and a new Government is formed.

It does not follow that a system which would promote good government in Great Britain would have the same beneficent effect in this country. Nor does Mr. Hazlitt suggest that conclusion. But it is worth noting that with us, a President, once elected, serves his term, even should his policies lack the approval of the people, that the House is equally impregnable for two years, and every Senator for six. All may completely disregard the wishes, and even the demands of the people, who put them in office. Their only recourse is in their ballots at the next election, and by that time the harm they anticipated may have become so deep-rooted as to be practically incurable.

Many reasons may be assigned to explain why the framers of the Constitution rejected practically every trace of the parliamentary system. Probably their intention was to give the new Government a stability which had been woefully lacking under the Articles of Confederation. Again, the parliamentary system, as they had seen its operation in Great Britain, had little to recommend it. They also anticipated a healthful degree of cooperation between the executive and legislative departments, an anticipation that has not always been fulfilled. Finally, after the adoption of the Bill of Rights, our political ancestors probably thought that a sufficient restraint was found in the exercise by the people of the right to petition the Government.

Today we are a changed people, and not changed for the better. That fact justifies the inquiry whether or not we are capable of living under a Constitution written for a people mainly agricultural in their pursuits, religious-minded, and keenly interested in their Government. We put that question some years ago, and propose to return to it at an early date.

LAST month, a series of stoppages by workers in the tool and die departments of the Ford Motor Company, put back the Government's job of building bombing planes by about 65,000 work-hours. "With men dying because of our lack of air-craft," said a Federal procurement officer, "it is an outrage that tools being prepared for the bomber plant should be stopped and crippled by such a trivial thing."

That judgment is severe, but the facts justify it. The "trivial thing" was a difference of opinion between the company and the C.I.O. union on the fitness of a man to continue at a milling-machine. This worker, formerly an organizer for the A.F. of L., was compelled to take out a C.I.O. card to hold his job, and it is probable enough that his attitude toward the C.I.O. was not one of deep affection and trust. The union demanded that the company drop him, or transfer him to another department, alleging that he was a trouble-maker who had slapped an apprentice, and on two occasions had engaged in a fist-fight. The company replied that the man was a capable machinist, and that if he were dropped before being expelled by his union, the company could be indicted under the Wagner Act. The union retorted that the man had been suspended, pending trial and added that the company had dropped two other workers, solely because of their union activities.

For every stoppage a just cause is required. No just cause can be alleged when, as in this case, ample facilities for the satisfactory settlement of such disputes are provided by law. Further, the all but desperate need of the Government for bombing planes at this time puts the plea of just cause wholly out of court. Should similar stoppages be staged in this arbitrary manner in other munition factories, the Government is almost at the mercy of trouble-makers whose proper place is not in our munition factories, but in the German or Japanese military forces.

As a result of these stoppages, the public is asking what confidence may be put in the renunciation by the heads of the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. of the right to strike during this war. The question may well be asked. The Detroit "wild cat" strikes continued over the protest of R. J. Thomas, national vice-president of the C.I.O. and against the wish of the local union officials. This indicates that neither the local nor the national officers can restrain the members of some unions now in the munition factories; an alarming state of affairs at a time when we are supposed to be giving our best in an all-out campaign for preparedness. It is no secret, of course, that the national officials have no real authority over the local unions. They have, at least in some instances, a degree of "influence," but influence is not authority, and in the Detroit case, influence, national as well as local, counted for nothing at all.

There is no better way for organized labor to break down public respect for the rights of the

wage-earner than to demand power, without at the same time compelling every union to assume responsibility for the use of that power. A few more stoppages in the plants which are building ships, air craft, tanks and other war apparatus, and the demand for Federal legislation for the regulation of the unions, little short of Federal control, will become overwhelming. And Federal control will mean a union stripped of that authority which it may rightfully claim, and without which it becomes the tool of corrupt politicians and meddling bureaucrats.

Whether the accused union worker is guilty of the crime of having "slapped" an apprentice, and of having engaged in fisticuffs, must remain unknown until the union produces its evidence. But expulsion would be a heavy penalty for these offenses, not exactly uncommon in most industrial plants, since it would deprive the man of his right to work at his trade for his daily bread. Last January, a New York court held, in a case arising under a closed-shop agreement, that in view of "the great power" of the union, "unusual caution must be taken not lightly, nor for whimsical or capricious reasons, to deprive a worker of his only means of livelihood." Punishment, to be just, must be commensurate with the crime and it is somewhat difficult to imagine a crime so grave that any State legislature, or Congress, would fix the punishment at perpetual unemployment.

When a wage-earner is compelled to join a union, or lose his job, and even his hope of a job, the union is bound to maintain him in membership, unless for specific offenses, clearly noted in its charter, by-laws, or other written document, his unfitness is made evident. Should the union fail to give the wage-earner this protection, appeals to the courts are inevitable. Too many appeals may result in legislation which will seriously hamper the union in the exercise of its rightful and necessary functions.

SMALL MERCHANTS

WORTHY of consideration is Thurman Arnold's plan to give "small business" a share in the Government's war orders. It may sometimes be necessary to assign large contracts to the larger industrial plants, but there are hundreds of small businesses which can easily be geared for war production. Unless the Government uses these, they will be forced to close down, with the consequent wastage of men, waiting for days or weeks, until they can be assigned to some essential industry.

Since Mr. Arnold is silent on the subject, a word is in order for the small neighborhood shop, owned by men, and often by women, who find it hard in these days of high taxes and high rents, to make ends meet. They stock the same standardized wares, and for most items their prices are not higher than those in the large establishments. The small merchant does not wish to be considered an object of charity, but he may soon become just that, unless we patronize him, at least occasionally.

DO NOT BE AFRAID

TO all of us come days of darkness and of desolation. Life is hard, and as we peer into the future, it appears that what today is a burden will tomorrow become an intolerable burden. We have never achieved anything worthwhile in life, and we do not count our hours by victories but by defeats. We have indeed learned that there is more of shadow in life than of sunshine. What is worse, while we have failed to win any of life's prizes, we do not seem to have made any spiritual progress either.

The greatest help we can have in these periods of depression is a vivid Faith which tells us that we are not alone. Our Lord is always with us, and we can turn to Him for help. At His feet we can learn that what in worldly wisdom is failure, is triumph in the wisdom of God. When a little child brings to its mother a picture of a tree or of a house, laboriously drawn upon a piece of paper which it has perhaps picked out of the wastebasket, she is not disposed to be critical. She will not say that she would never have known what the scrawl on the soiled and wrinkled paper represented, unless she had been told. She admires and praises, and kisses the little one who in giving her the picture thinks he has bestowed a priceless boon.

So Our Lord does not care whether what the world calls success has come to us, or whether we have eaten the bread of failure all our lives. In fact, if we go to Him in our troubles, we can by degrees learn that if He has kept from us the good things of this world, it is only to give us a better chance of acquiring treasure in Heaven. He wishes us to keep our minds fixed upon our last end, which is union with Him in an eternity of happiness, and He knows that we are easily deceived by the tinsel and glitter of this passing world.

That is the lesson which Our Lord tried to teach His Apostles. Yet He was gentle with them, and patient with their shortcomings. Not infrequently, He worked miracles to strengthen their Faith, and in the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Matthew, xvii, 1-9) we read that He allowed three of their number, Peter, James and John, to catch a glimpse of Him in His glory. On the Mount of the Transfiguration, "his face shone as the sun, and his garments became white as snow." Moses and Elias speak with Him, and out of a bright cloud comes a voice: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him." Fear took hold of them at this wondrous sight, until they heard the voice of Master: "do not be afraid."

Praise to His Holy Name, Jesus has worked no miracles for us, nor have our sinful eyes been lighted by the glory of His Transfiguration. But Faith can make a Transfiguration for us every day of our lives, if in our deepest trials we humbly seek Him. No bright cloud will light our way to Him, for this is our hour of darkness. But He is there, and as we cling to Him in our distress, we shall surely hear His voice, bidding us: "do not be afraid."

LITERATURE AND ARTS

THE BARD'S POETIC ART

WILLIAM J. GRACE

IT is probably a mistake to think of Shakespeare in the familiar, contemporary sense of a *lyrical* poet. Modern poetic coteries are apt to view poetry as rather a lapidary art, producing a few rare and carefully stylized specimens. Shakespeare is most definitely not a poet of this sort. In fact, he is didactic and discursive where, according to contemporary standards, he should be suggestive and severe.

There are, of course, in Shakespeare countless specimens of what we may call, for a lack of a better term, "pure" poetry, that would be considered as poetry under any circumstances. Think of such Renaissance pictures, justified in themselves, as

... daffodils

That come before the swallow dares and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets—dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath ...

or this other lovely one:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Scattered throughout Shakespeare are passages of "pure" poetry of this standard, but naturally they are not too frequent.

Shakespeare is a dramatic poet and, on the whole, it does not suit the terms of his art to be lyrical. Dramatic poetry depends for its effect upon other considerations than the mere word-magic of the lines involved. In fact, I would contend that an instinctive appreciation of dramatic method is an indispensable preliminary to enjoying, or even understanding the unique appeal of Shakespeare as a poet.

Illustrations will demonstrate the point. The following lines abstracted from their context may not appear to be great poetry, but once they are understood with relation to the circumstances under which they are uttered, their power becomes apparent:

... Mine enemy's dog,

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire ...

Cordelia is speaking of the terrible night when her father was abandoned on the desolate heath. The intensity of Cordelia's feelings about this injustice is brought out in the double exaggeration—not only

a dog would have had shelter on such a night, but even *her enemy's dog*. Or take these:

... Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

Here again we see that it is the circumstances in which the lines are uttered rather than the quality of the image itself that makes the poetry. Here it is not the suggestion of peace surrounding the dead Duncan but rather the fact that it is Macbeth, Duncan's *murderer*, who is so gnawed by conscience that he *envies* such peace, that gives the line its irony.

There is a very special sense, too, in which Shakespeare's poetry is dramatic. Often the deep emotion of a character is connected with an appropriate stage-action and that actual connection is incorporated in the poetic image. Perhaps the most beautiful example of great poetry that is specifically dramatic poetry is the speech of Cleopatra as she and her maids lift the dying Antony to her chamber:

... How heavy weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness:

That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up

And set thee by Jove's side.

Here the actual physical act of lifting, revealing as it does by stage-effect the weight of Antony, becomes the occasion of a symbolism whereby "heaviness" is a deeply emotionalized word representing the whole tragic content of the situation.

Similarly effective is the poetry of the final parting scene of *Romeo and Juliet*. In that scene we have some of the loveliest, though the quietest poetry in the play. The nightingale and the lark, both part of a definite theatrical milieu, are symbols punctuating the ecstatic, hurrying moments of love. The symbolism of the birds is curiously reversed; for the nightingale, "the bird of mourning that singeth all night long," is joy—and the care-free skylark, untrammelled bird of the joyous morning, represents the end of a natural happiness, never to return.

If this writer were asked to name what he considers to be the highest achievement of Shakespeare as a dramatic poet, he would not choose from *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*. Rather it would be *Macbeth*, Act II, Scene ii. We remember how Lady Macbeth needs the full aid of all her remarkable resources to meet the spiritual crisis of her husband. The murder he has just committed, after an unnatural forcing of his will to an evil end, is perpetually photographed, perpetually enlarged in his mind. A trivial detail looms as the symbol of unrelievable sin, and there is a revolving emotional intensity in the dialog between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth as she tries to dislodge the fixed idea in the mind of her husband.

Macbeth thinks of the trivial thing, yet the thing that is the piercing symbol of the enormity behind it. Macbeth could not say "Amen" to the sleeping guards. The chaos of remorseless sin is before him, and he hears the voice of conscience like that of the sentinel, the wolf, "whose howl's his watch":

Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep!"

We are all familiar with the dramatic appropriateness of the knocking at the door in this atmosphere of naked nerves—the big, jarring knocking. But the height of Shakespeare's dramatic poetry here depends upon a still further stage effect.

It is the blood in the darkness that is louder, more insistent than any knocking. Lady Macbeth later in her madness is to remember the smell of blood upon her hands. It is the *leitmotif* of the play. His hands pluck out Macbeth's eyes. They can never be cleansed. Shakespeare takes the cosmic view of sin—reaching out far beyond the particular act. Extremely powerful is that word, heavy with associated horror, that Shakespeare deliberately invents for the occasion—*incarnadine*:

... No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

But the poetry of the scene is indissolubly joined to the stage action of the lifting of the hands—with the sudden growing of the full horror of their significance.

One of the grave mistakes in the teaching of Shakespeare is the treatment of him as a poet without directly relating him to the technique of the drama, for on most occasions the power and even the beauty of his lines depend primarily upon their context. Shakespeare's peculiar ability, with the few exceptions in which he indulges in technical virtuosity, lies in the observance of this connection. His objective viewpoint that permits him to see the universal realities in the midst of a highly particular story gives him firmness and ease.

It might be said that there is much of the spectator in Shakespeare as a dramatist and poet. This fact gives his work an added poetic dimension. Especially is this noticeable in the concluding acts of his tragedies. Remember how Romeo in the funeral vault looks with a sort of hysterical sensitiveness at the beauty of Juliet?

... her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.

The spectator here has the sense of the living, breathing Juliet—an ironic knowledge and an added poetic loveliness reserved to him. Or take the last scene of *Othello*. Othello will not name the cause to the chaste stars. And the murder itself is the extinction of a white, smooth and reposeful as alabaster, by a blackness falling across the heavens. The metaphor of the rose which Othello employs assumes a tapering loftiness. The rose grows on a tree: "It needs must wither; I'll smell it on the tree." The rose of Desdemona withers, and poetry deepens the irony of the scene. That is the height of dramatic poetry.

Ultimately the secret of Shakespeare's poetic power lies in the comprehensive soul that Dryden

named. Shakespeare belongs to Ruskin's first order of poets—those who perceive rightly in spite of their feelings. He sees the contingent and the unpredictable in relation to the universal. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch observed rather neatly that Shakespeare never loses the natural touch. He quotes these lines from *Romeo and Juliet*:

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

He comments as follows:

The kind of poet that Byron was, being self-centred, would have summoned an earthquake to attend the dismissal of a short amour. A smaller wit than Shakespeare's would have made daybreak conform to a common lover's mood and made it envious or disagreeable in some other way. Shakespeare by a noble twist makes the morning bright, careless, universal over the world, however heart-broken the particular pair of lovers.

It is this moderation, the absence of anything precious or forced, that enables Shakespeare to communicate the truth of deeply felt emotion.

READING FOR YOUNG LINCOLNS

A GANGLING, rather unkempt farm-boy stretched out flat on his stomach on the rough plank floor. The firelight flickering on the log walls. Propped up in the brightest spot of light, a well thumbed book; the boy's eyes intent and eager on the page. Who was the boy? What was the book? It might have been *Pilgrim's Progress*, or *Aesop*, or *Robinson Crusoe*, or Weem's *Life of Washington* or Franklin's *Autobiography*. The boy—Abe Lincoln.

Another boy, slumped in an over-stuffed chair. The warmth and glow of steam heat and indirect lighting. Perhaps a radio at his elbow. His eyes, too, eager and intent on a printed page. Who is the boy and what is he reading? Let's call him Mortimer Doe; he is reading *The American Weekly*.

Very likely, because this Sunday supplement gets into more than 7,300,000 families, and, according to a recent modest advertisement, is becoming the nation's reading habit. Further, the ad goes on to say and imply that as Lincoln grew great largely through his devotion to reading, so will young Mortimer, if he reads *The American Weekly*.

I wonder. If Lincoln had been brought up on Sunday supplement "literature," would we ever have had the chaste and warm dignity of the *Gettysburg Address*? Would he have imbibed sound ideas on social questions from evolution-tainted science, glamorized seduction, glorified crime and diluted religion? The advertisement puzzles over where Lincoln got his first inspiration for "a house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." Certainly not from pulp classics; it strikes me that the Greatest Book implied that.

The mere habit of eating will not make you healthy; you can get the habit of eating the wrong things. The mere habit of reading will not make you great. It depends, for you as for Lincoln, on what you read.

H. C. G.

LAMENT IN G MINOR

Isn't it strange?
Some sort of curse?
When I first thought to turn my hand to verse,
First felt those shooting pains
That mean a birth, or growth,
Or both:
I had a swelling mind and said brave things
On emptying poetry's quivers against kings,
Or spilling paeans on democracy,
Still saving the aristocracy
Of mind and spirit, talent, gifts of heart:
I said that we must doff the toga, buskin, mask; that art
Must put on overalls, a business suit,
Or Lindbergh's leather, Beebe's diving clothes,
Work with pneumatic drills or hold a hose
With sand-hogs under rivers; powder its nose
With Kitty Foyle. Life is art's laboratory and
Callouses the best gloves for the artist's hand,
We must disperse the Graces' silly harem
And exile Pan, that grotesque harum-scarum,
Re-write Lucretius, *de natura rerum*,
So I said—and we must be
Bards of industrialism for, you see,
You can't put ballistics in balladry;
Fighting with staffs and bows is very good
For Little John and Robin Hood;
But into that pattern can you pack the hates,
Howls, horrors swirling at the gates
Of some great plant, when there has been a strike?
Wouldn't a man look silly there with a halberd or a pike?
What would be the onomatopoeic obbligate when a cop
crumbles dead
With a lung full of lead?
How the anapests would quiver
And the little trochees shiver,
When a rivulet of red runs in the gutter
When machine guns spit and sputter
Over such a pedestrian and plebeian issue as bread and
butter.
Gray's weary ploughman plods, peg-legged, iambic,
We need a tempo dynamic, kinetic, dithyrambic,
Emphatic,
Proceleusmatic.
How are you going to have a man walk to the chair
To have his brains burned out in a blue flare,
Dead-marching with the thistles of thirst in his throat;
How are you going to launch a boat
On the stream
Of consciousness, and harpoon yourself a nice, deep,
piebald dream,
In idyllic
Dactylic?
The trouble, I said, is with our thinking; there must be
an alteration,
Philosophy must yield place to philosophistication.
And so for awhile I hymned the nation
And wrote word-symphonies on bread lines,
Filled out my limping passion—as was the fashion—with
punctuation
To give my verse the whip-lash verve of head lines.
So that every sentence, whether stout or stark,
Exploded in an exclamation mark!
My sinewy songs broke into a perfect rash
Of period, and dot, and dash—
Till finally I wrote a thrilling ode
Entirely in Morse Code— . . .
I read the thick-lensed doctrinaire
Whose gaseous statues stand in Union Square,
And sang of broken pledges, hearts, and skulls,
Of gangsters, tommy guns, and tramps and trulls.

But I kept getting back to grass
And foolish Wordsworth's highland lass
And old, forgotten, far-off things
And cabbages and kings.
And I still spent my hard earned pennies on
Tennyson.
Instead of swimming with the rest on the crest
I was drowning with Browning.
I tried to write of sordidness and sin,
But Keats kept coming in:
And in my odes to cocktails and chromium bars
Crept in allusions to the steadfast stars.
My ultra-modern, stream-lined heroine would always
seem to be
A pallid echo of Andromache.
I guess I am a transplant, some wild shoot,
With American blossoms, but Roman stem, and Attic
root;
Like Miniver Cheevy or William Morris born out of time,
Anachronistic in both reasoning and rhyme.
Imagine a twentieth-century mind, entirely void
Of Jung and Freud;
Trammeled with traditions, bound by indenture
To Plato, Augustine, Aquinas, Bonaventure,
Aristotle, Peter Lombard, Scotus,
And old conventions, which, like the fabled lotus
Lull into lethargy. That's why I cannot be frenetic
Wail for the world's wrong, or in splenetic
Satirical measures, like Juvenal, let indignation fashion
my verses
And high-light carping with pyrotechnic curses,
Combining in my verse the function of priest and
prophet
And damning all who disagree with me to Tophet.
I am one
Who thinks that poetry is fun.
And to me most mysterious
Is the challenging, crusading, over-serious
Deep-browed minor Homer
For whom the term "poet" is a crass misnomer,
And who, for all his shouting and his earnest, purple
face,
Gets no place.

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY

OLD CAMBRIDGE CEMETERY

They who sleep beneath the snow
Never tell us what they know
But within this cloistered fence
Silence speaks with eloquence.

There are secrets in this ground
Which seldom vibrate into sound:
There are phrases never said
By the unmistakably dead.

These are they who never know
The silver loveliness of snow—
Never feel the weight of stone
Superimposed on dusty bone—

What they know is safely laid
Within the mystery of shade
But within this circling fence
Silence speaks with eloquence:

Those who hear this stillness know
Things more permanent than snow.

HARRY ELMORE HURD

Masterly

Convincing

Invincible

The Father Scott Pamphlets

"I think your arguments are masterly, convincing and *invincible*. You rout your adversaries with irresistible logic and sweep all before you. And you gain such momentum that you storm the agnostic's earthworks with all the zest and verve of a blitzkrieg.

"I think you should have M. A. after your name, as well as S.J.—not for Master of Arts but Master of Arguments! It's a good title, though you might prefer to be Master of Apologetics, which of course you are preeminently and par excellence."—*Mass.*

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So Practical

"Thank you for the two fine pamphlets received Thursday. I have made use of both. They are so simple and so practical that they must go home to any reader."

—*Msgr. John L. Belford.*

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ROYAL ROAD. By *Arthur Kuhl*. Sheed and Ward. \$1.75

MY NEIGHBOR OF ANOTHER COLOR. By *Andrew Schulze*. 4240 St. Ferdinand Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. \$1

THE HAITIAN PEOPLE. By *James G. Leyburn*. Yale University Press. \$4

AN APPRAISAL OF THE NEGRO IN COLONIAL SOUTH CAROLINA. By *Frank J. Klingberg*. The Associated Publishers. Washington, D. C. \$2

THERE are more than 12,000,000 Negroes in the United States. According to the figures released on February 2, 1942, of the United States Census of 1940, their number is 12,865,518, of whom 2,790,193 are in the North and 170,706 in the West. Richard Wright, however, speaks for the 12,000,000 who are in danger of becoming the nation's Number One proletariat (particularly if the Farm Security Administration is scrapped). The remaining eight or nine-hundred-thousand would represent—roughly speaking—the minority who have been able, in spite of all disabilities, to establish some sort of a middle-class existence. They are not in Mr. Wright's scope.

With the help of Edwin Rosskam's album of photos, and with professional skill as a proletarian dramatizer, Mr. Wright depicts exactly what *that* problem is: how the Negro has become increasingly proletarianized; why he has left the farm, or the South, into the bargain; where he has gone and is still going; how he is now fixed and raising angry questions from those who know nothing of all the past which his present and his presence signify. Deliberately, Wright paints a picture of uprooted masses, not persons; of futility, not achievement; of frustration, not triumphs. But certain things had to be said, and Wright and Rosskam have said them powerfully.

First of all uprootings, in the story of the American Negro, was the detachment from the complicated native culture of the tribal African world. At the other pole of contrast from Wright's floating, nameless millions are the lives of those twenty-six Baganda youths who suffered heroic martyrdom for Christian chastity and the Catholic Faith in June, 1886. Their story has already been admirably told by Msgr. (later Cardinal) Carlo Salotti in his *I Martiri dell'Uganda* (Rome, 1921). *Black Martyrs* comes now, to place the story, colorful and inspiring, in its full ethnological and historical setting.

What a setting! Paths of Protestant and Catholic missionaries cross and re-cross as they vie for the souls of a pagan people under rulers already ensnared by the most loathsome features of decadent Islamism. Intricacies of tribal custom, law, ceremony, kinship, economy, nourish sharply differentiated individualities, lads who gleefully mock their executioners.

With unusual competence, Father Thoonen has set a high standard of hagiography, while he opens to the reader a window into the heart of the little known African world.

Jesse Stewart, the young Negro in *Royal Road*, as one of Richard Wright's millions finds his path to Calvary—a distant follower of the Uganda martyrs.

This first novel by one of AMERICA's former contributors strikes a surprisingly true note. The pathos is native, not buttered on; the action moves easily and convincingly to the grim yet spiritually peaceful end. What befell this boy does happen; has happened even since Arthur Kuhl started roaming the streets of St. Louis

in search of background and material. If it keeps on happening our proud democracy will one fine day fall with a crash.

Thoughts underlying the tale by Catholic Art Kuhl are expressed in a series of outspoken essays and lectures by his fellow St. Louisan, Lutheran Andrew Schulze. Pastor Schulze's observations are the result of twenty-two years of church ministry among the Negroes, which have fortified his convictions as to the essential but much forgotten connection between Christian Faith and Christian practice.

Between the American Negro's roots in tribal Africa and his present difficult status in twentieth-century America, lie two intermediate Western worlds: the jungle of the West Indies, the plantation life of the old South. To Haiti the Negro slave brought much of the body of the old African life, as well as its soul. Though the language was lost and the tribal life indiscriminately fused in the new surroundings, he was still in the tropics, still in comparative isolation and freedom, and built up traditions in the New World. Professor Leyburn writes as a lover of Haiti, its traditions and its people, a tranquil people, as he sympathetically notes, and honest.

As the "original interventionist in South Carolina," the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (Church of England), in the eighteenth century, "uncovered all the problems of race relationships between the white men and the Negro that have appeared at any time since." What the Protestant missionaries did to obtain recognition for the black man's soul—despite their acceptance of slavery and their tremors at "Romish" aggression—is sympathetically told by Dr. Klingberg, of the University of California. His scholarly, documented narrative throws much light on the intimate connection between economic ebbs and flows and the tides in the story of the Negro's march toward freedom.

JOHN LAFARGE

STANDARDS FOR NOVELISTS

THE NOVEL AND SOCIETY. By N. Elisabeth Monroe. University of North Carolina Press. \$3

AS a critical study of the modern novel, this series of essays on Sigrid Undset, Selma Lagerlöf, Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, Virginia Woolf and Willa Cather, prefaced by a long discussion of "Form and Substance in the Novel Today," and concluded by a prophetic chapter on "The Novel of the Future," will probably stand as a landmark in the conservative literary tradition.

For, unlike other writers who have found fault with modern fiction, Professor Monroe takes a firm position on Christian and Aristotelian standards. Where Professor Boynton is content merely to point out inadequacies and suggest the need for a center of moral gravity, where Mr. Van Wyck Brooks calls for a spirit of optimism and patriotic faith, where Dr. Lubbock allows us to infer that our fiction is lopsided, Miss Monroe bluntly declares that novelists like Huxley, Dos Passos, Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis and Somerset Maugham have totally misconceived the nature of man. Hence, she argues, they are not only incapable of representing the great, essential truths of human nature; they cannot even achieve a technical skill.

According to Miss Monroe, philosophy of life and literary craftsmanship are intimately linked. To deny the essential truths of human nature is also to deny the traditional means art has always employed to make character and situation real. Confusion of mind is shown to lead to a hopeless subjectivity which becomes chaos in the disintegrated novels of Virginia Woolf, Proust and James Joyce.

Miss Monroe relies heavily upon Sigrid Undset to demonstrate her belief that religious and philosophical ideas are necessary for a broad and balanced view of life. "Mrs. Undset's exalted conception of personality arises from her concentration on her subject and its

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relation to God." Her unerring sense of the great problems of modern life, her concern with the theme of suffering and redemption, her ability to shade even her most detailed description with a universal significance are likewise traced to the emancipating spirit of religious truths. It should be remarked in passing that Miss Monroe's defense of Mrs. Undset's naturalistic description is vigorous and stimulating, if not quite complete.

Since "a great novel represents the conjunction of vision with a great theme" and since the modern novelist, "having no philosophy and no standard save individual taste, has turned away from his real task to experimentation with technical means or enlisted his art in the cause of social reform or yielded to a destructive freedom," the solution rests in the restoration of universal values and salutary disciplines. Miss Monroe is a very forthright person. She is perfectly aware of the lions in the path of the Christian conception of man, but she holds that any writer worth his salt will overcome them. If he fails, he will either remain in the dubious safety of his own ego, or be devoured by one of the beasts of heresy.

The Novel and Society is strong medicine for a bad sickness. It has its minor faults. The Aristotelian and Thomistic background of her arguments is not always clear, and her failure to avail herself of much corroborative critical opinion is unfortunate both for herself and her readers. But on the whole the book is a challenge which is so direct that it will probably be ignored. I doubt whether it can be answered even in part.

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY

PIRATICAL LOVE AND MORALS

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK. By Daphne du Maurier.

Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

WE have become so accustomed to finding naturalism linked with realism in fiction that we are surprised to come upon a novel in which naturalism and romanticism are combined. The surprise is not pleasant; naturalism can never be pleasant.

Frenchman's Creek is superlatively romantic. The story is all about Dona, ravishingly beautiful, of course, belonging to the English aristocracy of the Restoration period and possessing a bad "escape" complex and a foul tongue. The author strains to make her appear extremely clever, but as a clever woman Dona is not convincing. The many men in the novel count little; they are there for Dona's sake, for this is a woman's story done by a woman. Consequently the male characters suffer in creation.

The man of Dona's choice is a pirate, no less, but of the Hollywood variety; not a filthy, unshaven, one-legged pirate, but a handsome, well-mannered pirate, who draws beautiful pictures of birds. He also has the "escape" notion, but it is not clear exactly what he is escaping from. His men idolize him, and they are happy when Dona comes into his life and treat her with the utmost respect. I think this pirate is supposed to be the hero.

There is fast action in a few spots (one ship is stolen and one man is killed), but tedious descriptions and much thought-recording slows up the story. The foreshadowing is about as subtle as that in certain comic strips; consequently the reader usually knows what is going to happen a chapter before it happens, sometimes sooner.

The moral tone is low. Dona has a husband and two children when the pirate comes into her life, but the reader is led to believe that husbands and children mean little when women really love, and Dona loves the pirate. The author, a mother of two small daughters and a son, nods approvingly at Dona's desertion of her children to sail off with the handsome pirate. That it is only a temporary desertion does not make its approval approvable.

HUGH F. SMITH

ALONG THESE STREETS. By Struthers Burt. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75

AS a non-religious "spiritual" appraisal of Philadelphia, "the most class conscious city in America," this lengthy observational novel makes stimulating reading. But its agnostic author's non-spiritual views on a gamut of questions basically religious in nature are stimulus only for sophomoric minds not yet introduced to the irrational stand of so many well-meaning men today who have lost all spiritual perspective or grown up without any. Despite what he has to say on evolution, birth control, divorce and what-have-you, Struthers Burt has done a real service to the Catholic position. His paeans for Protestantism and for Luther and Cranmer's contributions to the cause of "liberty" properly link them to the spiritual breakdown he typifies by his own agnosticism and opposition to established religion of any kind.

These things are but incidentals, however, to the major theme. When he sticks to it and to his discursive musings upon the meaning and future of the American idea and ideals and upon the earthquake of evil rocking our world, we have contact with the interesting mind of a penetrating thinker. His main story is caustic with criticism of Philadelphia's socially cloistered aristocracy.

His mental *alter ego* is Felix Macalister, anthropologist and psychologist, who reluctantly abandons an expedition to take over a huge inheritance left by a socially prominent uncle on condition that he live in the fine old family residence nine months a year for life. Before he solves the problem thrown into his lap, and that of his education from feminine theorist to man of experience, there is little rest for his soul. The bankruptcy of his class in spirit and progressive thought is bas-relieved against Philadelphia's past glories. But with true native pride, Mr. Burt shows that "despite what's been done to it, despite the way it's been abused" with political corruption, social distinction, and with the poverty and misery of its low stratum masses, Philadelphia is still a lovely city with a great future. He holds out little hope for its "moribund" Brahmin class. Unfortunately for the many good things in this volume, a too frequent injection of sexology into its psychology makes it generally offensive.

NATHANIEL HICKS

WESTWARD THE COURSE! By Paul McGuire. William Morrow and Co. \$3.75

WITH the eyes of the world on the war in the Far East, Oceania is coming into the headlines as never before. Mr. McGuire, eminent Australian lecturer and political economist, has had the foresight to set down something of the history of this far world, with its multitudinous islands, peoples and climates. The result makes for fascinating reading. Educational, too, for most Americans are a bit hazy about any kind of life beyond their own continental United States.

For a long time Hawaii, Singapore, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, New Guinea, Australia, New Zealand, have had a romantic aloofness for most of us. Mr. McGuire has fortunately lifted the curtain somewhat, and, with a characteristic dry humor and a more than adequate grasp of his subject, related how, not so long ago, British, Dutch and Iberian adventurers cruised the vast Pacific in the interests of Empire building. James Cook, George Vancouver, Abel Tasman, Thomas Raffles (he secured Singapore for the British), Jan Coen (founder of the Dutch dominion), are names not too well known today. Even Francis Xavier slips the mind of all but the pious. But these men knew the lands of the Western Pacific, and their possibilities.

Happily *Westward the Course!* is equipped with three informative maps of the region in question, and nearly three dozen photographic plates. It is a travel book, packed full of personal anecdotes by a seasoned globe-trotter. More than that, it is a deftly presented chronicle of political and social expansion, of the impact of West with East, that is having its repercussion in today's tragic warfare. For the average reader, such a book could not appear at a better time.

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THEATRE

HAIL AND FAREWELL. Three more new plays have left us the week I write, and have done so with shattering abruptness. Two of them, Mr. Hecht's *Lily of the Valley* and Mr. McArthur's *Johnny on the Spot*, could not have long survived in any city or on any stage.

Mr. Marc Connolly's *The Flowers of Virtue*, of which I have already written, is quite another story. I desire to put on record my opinion that its producer, Miss Crawford, should have given it a better chance for survival than four New York performances. My strong conviction is that if it had been given more time, and had been wisely nursed along, it could have survived for months. For our stage is proving, at least several times every season, that some of its more successful plays are those that owe their strong popular appeal not to loud guffaws or ear-shattering melodrama, but to the quiet, well written, well acted presentation of recognizable and interesting situations in contemporary life. Such a play was *The Flowers of Virtue*. It is a situation of equal tragedy to playwrights, players and the theatre-going public, when a play of such excellence is whisked off the stage with the swiftness of a conjurer's trick.

Mr. Hecht's play, *Lily of the Valley*, was uncanny and unpleasant. Its characters were dead derelicts from the city morgue, rising from their slabs late one night to stroll about and express themselves in the custodian's office. The play had its moments, however, and the best of these was its acting by Minnie Dupree and by most of the other members of its cast.

Mr. McArthur's *Johnny on the Spot* was an offering whose survival no one could wish for but the author, and he should be the last to do so.

But Mr. Connolly's play, to harp on that string again, was different. Its setting was beautiful, its characters were familiar types, American and Mexican men and women, its situation was one of today. There were truth and spirit in it. As I pointed out in my review, there was also plenty of humor as well as some of the best acting of the season.

HEART OF A CITY. All through the London air-raids of last year we were hearing of the gallantry of the players in the little Windmill Theatre, off Shaftesbury Avenue, which kept its doors open and its company acting throughout the entire run of the blitzkrieg. Lesley Storm is now showing us their gallantry in a play, *The Heart of a City*, produced by Gilbert Miller.

To me there is something deeply and movingly impressive about this play. It is so simply written, so charmingly acted! Here in New York we sit in comfort in the Henry Miller Theatre and watch the girls of the Windmill go through their paces, and we watch them with a lump in our throats if we have hearts in our breasts. It is, to my mind, a beautiful entertainment they give us. For the girls do it all. Apparently at the Shaftesbury there were only four men to clutter up the stage—the producer, a drunken playwright, the heroine's lover and a call boy.

Don't miss *The Heart of a City*. It isn't all gloom, by any means. It will make you laugh over good comedy and it will make you thrill over human courage.

SOLITAIRE. Let me admit, and without shame, that I can't work up much enthusiasm over John Van Druten's play, *Solitaire*, produced at the Plymouth Theatre by Dwight Deere Wiman. The story of a nice little girl's devoted friendship with a tramp and his pet rat leaves me cold. I admit that it is beautifully acted by a rising child star, Pat Hitchcock, and by Victor Killian as the tramp. Moreover, it is splendidly produced and directed and many people seem to like it. Let it go at that!

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

MISTER V. Hannah More never dreamed of Hitler or Hollywood but she suggested the psychological fallacy in American anti-Nazi films when she wrote that her choice of punishment for an enemy would be to fasten on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody. Hollywood has long been punishing its friends by that method, and now comes Leslie Howard, in a film made under fire in England, to point out that it is acceptable propaganda to laugh at the enemy, and much less of a strain on the audience. The story of a mild-mannered Cambridge professor who outwits the Gestapo has elemental appeal in the triumph of right, and is popular entertainment reduced to its common denominator. The scholarly archeologist turns into a coiled spring of ingenuity when he sets about liberating a Polish scientist from German domination and wrests the refugee's daughter from the influence of the Nazi secret police. The action is developed with elaborate suspense and has a literate quality that raises it to the level of intelligent melodrama. Mr. Howard directed and is the chief mover in both comedy and excitement, with Francis Sullivan portraying a ponderous Nazi official, and Mary Morris and A. E. Matthews prominent in the cast. This is one of the few *mature* approaches to topical entertainment. (*United Artists*)

ON THE SUNNY SIDE. There is the suspicion of a parable in this engaging picture, but its appeal is based chiefly on a study of juvenile loyalties and emotional conflicts. Harold Schuster's direction concentrates on rounded character portrayal, and leaves the larger implications of the plot to be supplied by the audience. When an English refugee child is brought into a normal American home, the native son finds himself being pushed into the background. Finally, however, when he has an opportunity to go to the rescue of his rival, after the latter has been attacked by the town bully, he finds restored dignity and an exhilarating community of interest with his British friend. The hands-across-the-sea theme is seldom mawkish when it is based on the natural reactions of the youngsters, and Roddy McDowall gives a fine interpretation of the refugee role, aided by Jane Darwell. This is pleasant fare for the family. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS. This is a film epic with a disappointing mixture of studied hero-worship and unintentional iconoclasm, contrasting the lofty ideals of the Royal Canadian Air Force with the shabby ethics of a hero who marries a girl merely to save a friend from making the same mistake. A commercial pilot leaves a seamy private life for the service and goes through the routine complications of getting himself dismissed for disobedience and then proving himself a hero by dying while ferrying a bomber to Britain. Michael Curtiz is overlong in working up to the real interest, the exposition of the training and duties of the pilots, and these technicolored sequences are brilliantly photographed. James Cagney, Dennis Morgan, Brenda Marshall, Reginald Gardiner and Alan Hale head a cast interspersed with real-life fliers. This is an *adult* film with a sometimes objectionable story. (*Warner*)

CASTLE IN THE DESERT. The historical gossip about the Borgias has finally seeped down to the scenarists for the Charlie Chan series, and this minor mystery brings the Oriental detective in contact with an eccentric who is writing a history of the family amid several suspected poisonings. Sidney Toler is workmanlike as usual but Harry Lachman's direction of a limp plot is routine. This will entertain only *family* enthusiasts of the series. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

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MUSIC

AFTER hearing numerous piano recitals in New York this season, I have decided to write about the playing of the young Hungarian pianist, György Sandor, who is not merely a dazzling technician but a musician of aristocratic taste and unusual perceptions. It was evident that a great majority of the audience at his recent concert at Town Hall, New York, were of this same mind about him.

Mr. Sandor was born in Budapest in 1912. At the Royal Academy of Music in that city, he studied piano with Bela Bartok and composition with Zoltan Kodaly. After concertizing in Poland, Scandinavia, Latvia and England, he gave two recitals in London and three years ago decided to come to America. Since then and previous to this season, his two concerts in Carnegie Hall received brilliant criticism. This may also be said of many concerts in this country and Canada.

Making two recent tours of South America, this pianist played seven concerts in Buenos Aires, four concerts in Rio de Janeiro, eight in Bogotá, Columbia, and thirty in Mexico City. It was interesting to hear Mr. Sandor relate something of the difference between the musical public south of the border and the musical life in our country. If an artist is liked in Mexico City, he can give concerts indefinitely and his public will continue to grow. He may proceed the same way in South America, but his first tour may not be as successful as his second, while his third may be a sensation. The artist may appear in some cities many times, while in others he may be a complete failure. Music is not a placid experience in South America but an absorbing interest and folk soon let one know one's value as a performer. In America, if an artist appears in the smaller cities once in a season he is quite satisfied.

György Sandor launched his Town Hall program with one of the best known *Chorale Preludes* by Bach, arranged by Busoni. This quiet, religious music in contrapuntal style established a beautiful atmosphere for this concert.

Even musicians do not realize how many editions have been published of the Bach *Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue*. Czerny, von Bülow and Sauer are just a few of them. There are also as many versions as editions, supposed to have been written by Bach's many children, as well as by his pupils. As the second number, Mr. Sandor carefully created his own version of the *Chromatic Fantasy* and played it as a high light in tonal tint and color. Pianists who have the understanding and discrimination would be wise to follow this procedure, for the liberty that these various versions give the artist is remarkable. The playing of the *Fugue*, which is one of the great dramatic contributions of Bach, was superb.

The Beethoven *Sonata, Op. 111* was the final number before intermission. Beethoven did not write any more piano sonatas after completing this one and, due to his deafness, never heard it performed. The critics and public are awed when anyone attempts this sonata and feel that only a chosen few should play it. There is certainly nothing abnormal or mystical about Beethoven's last sonatas, *Op. 101-6-9-10-11*. They are written with clarity, and there is no reason why the younger artists should not play *Op. 111* with its wonderful and dramatic first movement and the second, an *arietta* with variations. György Sandor played it, and with remarkable interpretation.

The program concluded with the staccato *Scherzo in E minor*, by Mendelssohn, and the seldom played *Andante Spianato and Polonaise* of Chopin, Rubinstein's short staccato, *Study in C major*, the Ravel *Ondine*, with its long singing melody and its great technical difficulties, the *Devilish Inspiration*, by Prokofieff, with its glissando effects and two Liszt compositions. Mr. Sandor also played seven encores.

ANNABEL COMFORT

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LINCOLN ON ALCOHOLICS

EDITOR: For the edification of Father O'Connell, I submit the following paragraph as evidence that Alcoholics Anonymous was known a century ago.

When one who has long been known as a victim of intemperance appears before his neighbors "clothed and in his right mind," a redeemed specimen of long-lost humanity, and stands up with tears of joy trembling in his eyes, to tell of the miseries once endured, now to be endured no more forever; . . . and how easily it is done, once it is resolved to be done; how simple his language! . . . there is a logic and an eloquence in it that few with human feelings can resist. . . . In my judgment, it is to the battles of this new class of champions that our late success [in reclaiming alcoholics] is greatly, perhaps chiefly, due.

The passage is taken from an address to the Washington Society, given in Springfield on February 22, 1842, by Abraham Lincoln. There is much in the paragraph about naked and starving children, weeping and heart-broken mothers and all sorts of folks brought low with sorrow, which I omit, in mercy to the reader. The Lincoln of that day, whenever he set himself to write an address, murdered his victims on the stage, in defiance of the Horatian precept, wept even more copiously than the Walrus and the Carpenter, and in general tore passion to tatters, without regard for his auditors, and sometimes without regard for what he was trying to say. Anguish and disappointment purged that dross away, and left in his great soul the sublime simplicity of the *Gettysburg Address* and the *Second Inaugural*.

Lexington, Ky.

J. W.

CATHOLIC ILLUSTRATION

EDITOR: February was Catholic Press Month. Probably most people will agree that the Catholic magazines and newspapers are exceptionally good. (Compare them with current periodicals of other denominations.) But they need more and better illustrations.

Many Catholic magazines use pictures, but are these really illustrations? Do these pictures illumine the text? Should not good illustrations go somewhat beyond the printed words?

Who would become interested in the Missions by reading on one page in a magazine that missionaries in tropic countries wear white and let their whiskers grow, and then seeing on the opposite page a photograph of a bearded pale-robe?

No, the reader wants something more in an illustration. In order to stir him, it must give him symbolism, beauty, imagination, originality, spirit.

Do our Catholic magazines welcome young artists as they do new writers? It would not seem so.

Liturgical Arts Magazine is doing noble work pictorially in its special field. How about the general magazines?

New York, N. Y.

W. T. RYERSON

FARM SECURITY SUCCESS

EDITOR: Senator Byrd's Committee on Non-Defense Expenditures has recommended cutting off the appropriation for the Farm Security Administration. This would destroy the only agency of progress reaching the multitude of small farmers. Other Federal agencies, like the Federal Land Bank, are not for the small operator, and

State and private agencies are inadequate by themselves. Restoring the life-fountains of our nation is the task of men, families, communities and States, and we cannot leave out the National Government. Our National Government does not reach the mill-end of towns nor the side roads and tidewater shores, except through the Farm Security.

What the Federal Farm Security meant to his farming people in the Middle West prompted Most Rev. Vincent J. Ryan, D.D., Bishop of Bismarck, South Dakota, to write to his Senator in its defense. The Farm Security has restored domestic economy among the workers of the abandoned saw-mills of the St. John's River Valley in Maine. It has removed the Negroes around Gee's Bend, Alabama, from log-built unlighted shanties to comfortable homes on their own food-raising acres.

This money will be repaid before many an R.F.C. loan can be reclaimed. It is Family Reconstruction by which the family is readjusted to the land and the community, and the community natural resources are adjusted to the local, State and National economy. Such a vast adjustment problem only a Federal agency is equipped to make. Patriarchal rural families who regulated the domestic economy of "their hands" do not exist any more, and State University Extension departments are chiefly demonstrational. Uncle Sam sees the whole national agricultural panorama.

The run-down condition of some seven hundred Negro people in lower Saint Mary's County, Md., was brought to the attention of the Farm Security Administration by some staff workers of the University of Maryland Extension Service. The farm and tidewater economy of the neighborhood had been strained for the white people; it had broken down for the Negroes. A horse disease had carried off three-quarters of the work-stock, cholera destroyed the pigs; only the better families had even a dozen chickens. Gardens were poor for want of seed money. Relief, and W.P.A. and C.C.C. had kept the people only "just breathing," but the Farm Security stepped in as a progress agency.

A colored worker, Miss Marguerite Chappelle, was sent to Ridge, Md. She settled at the Cardinal Gibbons Institute and worked with the school's staff and workers and homemakers. A man at Saint Ingoes has sixteen children. Miss Chappelle adjusted his debt with his farm-owner, she worked out a farm-plan with the man, and a fresh-and-canned-food plan and family budget with the mother. After a year the man remarked: "This is the first time since I have been married that I have had food in the house for all the winter, and have been out of debt." As Mr. Alan C. Ebert, the State Administrator, remarked: "Such an agency hardly needs an apology."

Ridge, Md.

HORACE B. MCKENNA, S.J.

POISON IN HIGH SCHOOL

EDITOR: Apropos some of our magazine pages being labeled "Poison," (*Some Pages in Our Magazines Should Be Labeled "Poison,"* AMERICA, February 14) the following quotation is taken from an article titled: "A Scientific Assembly: *Wonders of Science*." The article appears in the January, 1942, issue of the magazine, *School Science and Mathematics*.

We are going to demonstrate that man is nothing more than a bundle of electricity, all mixed in just the right proportion.

This is part of an assembly program suggested for high-school pupils!

Providence, R. I.

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EVENTS

(BILL and Louie, taxicab drivers, sitting in Bill's car. . . .
Hermey, a truck driver, puts his head in through the cab window.) . . .

Bill: Hello, Hermey. How's business?

Hermey: O.K. I just got back from a 600-mile trip.

Louie: Anything stirrin' on the road?

Hermey: I'm drivin' back empty when a hitch-hiker thumbs me. I give him a lift, an' he says: "I'm goin' to the hospital to see my wife. She's goin' to have a kid, but I gotta get somebody to give her a blood transfusion foist." An' then he looks funny at me.

Louie: Don't tell me you fall for it.

Hermey: The guy looks desperate, so I say: "How'll I do?"

Louie: I know the rest. He says: "You'll do fine." An' you go to the hospital and let 'em stick you.

Hermey: That's right. I give the dame the blood she needs, and it's wonderful to see how happy this makes the guy. I don't feel no worse an' I'm glad I done it.

Bill: You do a fine thing, Hermey, a fine thing.

Hermey: Thanks, Bill.

Louie: (after Hermey has gone) What a nerve the hitch-hiker has. He ain't satisfied with a free ride, he's gotta have blood. An' what a sap Hermey is, handin' out blood right and left like it was free lunch.

Bill: He makes the guy happy, he makes the dame happy, he makes himself happy. What's wrong with that?

Louie: There ain't nothin' wrong with it, I guess, but it sounds like sucker stuff.

Bill: A guy what's tryin' to help people ain't no sucker, Louie. People may think they're usin' him for a sucker, but they really ain't.

Louie: How do you make that out?

Bill: You hear about the Good Samaritan, don't you, Louie?

Louie: Yeah.

Bill: Does the Big Boss say the Good Samaritan is a sucker? No, He don't. People around at that time may say: "Look at that Good Samaritan. What a sucker!" But the Big Boss says the jerks passin' by without helpin' the guy are the suckers.

Louie: I don't go all the way with you there, Bill.

Bill: Kindness ain't never hurt nobody. Louie. It pays dividends sooner or later.

Louie: A guy can be kind without squirting his blood around.

Bill: Givin' blood makes him still kinder.

Louie: Maybe.

Bill: Bein' friendly and polite shows results even with animals. Look at this here piece in the paper (reading). The head of a big Michigan college poultry department says hens are more productive if poultrymen knock on the henhouse door before enterin'.

Louie: I don't know nothin' about hens—at least not that kind of hens.

Bill: People always tryin' to get things ain't happy. They can't never get enough. People givin', they're the happy birds, Louie. Try it sometime, an' see if I ain't right.

Louie: I find it harder to give than to get, Bill.

Bill: You're tellin' me, Louie. Now take this case (glancing at paper). Here's a young guy what's all bald. A dame tells him she's got a secret formular made out of lizard oil what'll grow hair on a billiard ball. He pays her 7,000 bucks for the formular and rubs lizard oil on his dome. So what?

Louie: So he's still bald.

Bill: His dome is still bare. He's in agony over tryin' to get hair. Now who's happier, Louie, this guy or Hermey?

Louie: There's a customer gettin' in my cab, Bill. So long.

THE PARADER